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CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are to have two new and good papers: Joseph C. Neal, Esq., has retired from the editorship of a political newspaper, and is about to publish a literary weekly, "NEAL'S SATURDAY GAZETTE." Although we are glad to see that Mr. Neal will have a more appropriate stage for the exercise of talents and accomplishments which have pierced through the darkness of party politics, we are sorry to lose any light in a place where it is so much wanted. American political newspapers *might* be of a very high order. The other paper is to be daily, THE EVENING MIRROR, conducted in New York by G. P. Morris and N. P. Willis, whose groan at the post-office department we echo with hearty sympathy:

"The undersigned, having for some time published a popular periodical, the postage on which varied, at the caprice of the postmasters, from *two cents to fifteen*, and having struggled in vain to procure from the department either certainty or moderation as to its cost by postage, have determined to struggle no longer against such oppressive discouragements."

"When things are at the worst, they will certainly mend."—*Old Play*.

It is said that a company has just been formed to bring to Paris a supply of sea-water for baths. The establishment is to be formed in the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées.

REAL SCALPS! GREAT ATTRACTION.—Mr. Catlin, the importer of foreign curiosities for the English nation, lately advertised a most attractive dish. The Ioway Indians—he assured a refined, a humane, and discerning public—would dance the Scalp Dance with—real scalps! Think of that, ladies and gentlemen; the real skin and hair of a human creature. Is not that attractive? As for the Ioways themselves, why, by this time they are a common cold dish—but the scalp supplies the delicious pickles to the feast.

Still, we think the entertainment might be heightened. Scalping is, ordinarily, a fatal operation: nevertheless, men have been known to survive it. Why not then—for a crowning treat—why not engage a few desperate wretches, as the managers say, at an enormous expense, to submit to scalping—making it worth their while to risk life—and of course doubling the price of admission to the tasteful and curious public? We really think the experiment would answer; at all events, it would only be carrying out the delicate feeling which advertised the—"real scalps!"

We are happy to learn that Mr. Catlin has engaged a party of Hottentots, who will succeed the Ioways. After the real scalps, we presume they will be girdled with sheep's intestines, and everything natural.

Where, alas! will the romance of life hide itself? We look in Cooper's novels upon glorious pictures of the majestic wild man—the proud, the indomitable, the disinterested—and he comes among us, and, with a torrent of native eloquence, begs for sixpences!—*Punch*.

JOHN CLARE, THE PEASANT POET.

HERE is a chapter on life, furnishing matter for the moral philosopher, the poet, the Christian, the thoughtful, and the worshipper of genius:—

"Poor Clare!—who has not heard of the 'village minstrel' of Northamptonshire, the poor, benighted child of genius, who, a quarter of a century ago, delighted us with his untaught muse, and excited our sympathy at his humble portion! Like the lowly but sweetly scented wild-flower, his mission was to breathe fragrance o'er Nature's peaceful retirements—the grove, the dell, the mountain, and the boskage by the stream; but ere that had been accomplished, the winter of his bereavement sent its chilling winds and its night of darkness—though not so deepened as to afford no ray of hope to his sorrowing friends, or yet to leave his life valueless. Taking the opportunity of a recent visit to Northampton, I determined on proceeding to the County Asylum, where the subject of my narrative is confined, and will probably end the remainder of his days. As, however, a total wreck of genius and reason is too pitiable a sight for a reflecting mind to endure, my visit most assuredly would not have taken place, but for the knowledge that Clare was, on most subjects, tolerably rational; moreover, he is not unfrequently visited by the spirit of song: and although his casual productions here and there bear the impress of an estranged intellect, yet he experiences moments of returning energy—the spirit as it were reluctant to leave her worshipper thus abruptly—when his verse is

'Sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harpstrings meet
And take a wild unmeasur'd tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.'

"The asylum, which is situated at an easy distance from the town, commands a vast and beautiful prospect, well calculated to please the eye, to cheer the heart, or soothe the ravings of the desolate creatures who have there taken up their abode. The situation also is as salubrious as any in the county, which, by the by, does not generally boast of being a fit locality for pulmonary invalids, the great elevation of Northamptonshire (the highest table-land in the country) lying open to a keenness of air to which the faculty attribute the generation of consumptive diathesis. I was informed that poor Clare was perfectly harmless, that he was permitted to absent himself daily from the asylum, and that his favorite spot of residence was in a niche underneath the colonnade of All Saints' Church. Here I found him. He was habited in a fustian dress, and there was nothing in his appearance which would distinguish him from the ordinary race of peasants, except that on closer inspection his countenance exhibited traces of that intellectual spirit which erewhile had dwelt within. The pioneers of age had furrowed his cheek, but he appeared healthy and cheerful, and readily joined in the conversation I had commenced. This I had in some measure propitiated by a small present of tobacco, of which he makes constant use; and while daily sitting in this niche, on an eminence commanding the principal thoroughfare of the town, poor John Clare, by the aid of the 'fragrant weed,' in a measure beguiles his loneliness, soothes the disquietude within, and revisits the regions of poesy. Tobacco and a pipe are

seemingly the only objects of his ambition, and these he is never without, the towns-people supplying him with abundance in return for his verses. I endeavored to elicit the nature of his mental delusions, but, as I have been informed, I found them to be Protean, and constantly varying. In common with the majority of lunatics, he has objections to the present royal succession, and has likewise recently fancied himself to be the best pugilist in the kingdom. As to treatment, he is permitted to do just as he pleases: he only sleeps in the asylum, and returns there to take his meals. He has an unlimited supply of books, and is never without one in his pocket, together with paper and pencils. His style is now very uncertain, and always tinctured by that of the last author he has read. Sometimes his poetry is unworthy the name, being coarse and vulgar; at others it is very beautiful.

"The following specimen was written in June last:—

'THE NIGHTINGALE.

'This is the month the nightingale, clod-brown,
Is heard among the woodland's shading boughs;
This is the month when, in the vale, grass-grown,
The maiden hears, at eve, her lover's vows;
What time the blue mist round her patient cows
Dim rises from the grass, and half conceals
Their dappled hides, I hear the nightingale,
That from the little blackthorn, springing steals
To the old hazel hedge that skirts the vale,
And still unseen, sings sweet. The ploughman feels
The thrilling music as he goes along,
And imitates and listens, while the fields
Lose all their paths in dusk;—to lead him wrong,
Still sings the nightingale her sweet melodious song.'

"Poor Clare! let us hope that he yet finds solace in that exercise of the mind which the beauties of nature can bestow; and that, in the spirit of his own 'Address to Solitude' he will—

'Learn patience in this trying hour,
To gild life's brambles with a flower.'

DE BONNE PRISE.—A week or two ago, while a boat's crew were at work in Lochryan—fishing, not for fins, but sweet-smelling sea-weed, to be applied as manure—the drag grappled some harder substance, which, when raised to the surface, resembled strongly a batch of oysters. This species of shell-fish abounds in one of the loveliest marine lakes in Scotland, stretching for leagues, shaped like a fan, rippling opposite shores, including Glenapp, and leading directly to Ailsa Craig. Oysters, like mussels, and the whole barnacle tribe, cling tenaciously to every firm substance, particularly buoys, which, in some situations, are dragged downwards to an extent that they require to be cleaned, painted and refloated from their sand-bank moorings, once a year. In the present case, the unknown article was taken on board, and, when freed by scraping from a thick coating of shell-fish, a kernel stood revealed, in the welcome form of a large jar of excellent cognac brandy! The fishermen, as may be supposed, were quite overjoyed to find both meat and drink thus unexpectedly provided. Knives were in immediate requisition, and, after lunching heartily on oysters, each man received a bumper noggin, to stimulate or quicken the process of digestion, and put him in good humor for further exertion.

From the Athenæum.

Commerce of the Prairies; or, the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader, during eight expeditions across the Great Western Prairies, and a residence of nearly nine years in Northern Mexico. By Joseph Gregg. 2 vols. New York, Langley; London, Wiley & Putnam.

HERE is another tramp, or rather a series of tramps, across the Prairies to Santa Fé, taken for the benefit of the narrator's health. The author, by the advice of his physicians, joined one of those spring caravans which start annually from the United States for Santa Fé. Such was the love which he thereby acquired for Prairie life, that he repeated the trip, and thus crossed the Prairies eight different times; passing the intervals not thus occupied in Northern Mexico. Having also engaged in the Santa Fé trade, he is able to speak of the commerce as well as of the country; and most of the facts presented in his sketch of the natural history of the Prairies, and of the Indian tribes who inhabit them, are, he states, for the first time, published in this work.

Passing over the history of the first establishment (in 1822) of the Santa Fé trade, we shall plunge at once into the adventures of the book. On descending into the valley of the Cimarron, our traveller got the first view of a band of Indian warriors. They were on horseback, and suddenly appeared from behind the ravines:

"An imposing array of death-dealing savages! There was no merriment in this! It was a genuine alarm—a tangible reality! These warriors, however, as we soon discovered, were only the vanguard of a 'countless host,' who were by this time pouring over the opposite ridge, and galloping directly towards us. The wagons were soon irregularly 'formed' upon the hill-side: but in accordance with the habitual carelessness of caravan traders, a great portion of the men were unprepared for the emergency. Scores of guns were 'empty,' and as many more had been wetted by the recent showers, and would not 'go off.' Here was one calling for balls—another for powder—a third for flints. Exclamations such as, 'I've broke my ramrod'—'I've split my caps'—'I've rammed down a ball without powder'—'My gun is choked; give me yours'—were heard from different quarters; while a timorous 'greenhorn' would perhaps cry out, 'Here, take my gun; you can outshoot me!' The more daring bolted off to encounter the enemy at once, while the timid and cautious took a stand with presented rifle behind the wagons. The Indians who were in advance made a bold attempt to press upon us, which came near costing them dearly; for some of our fiery backwoodsmen more than once had their rusty but unerring rifles directed upon the intruders, some of whom would inevitably have fallen before their deadly aim, had not some of the more prudent traders interposed. The Indians made demonstrations no less hostile, rushing with ready strung bows, upon a portion of our men, who had gone in search of water; and mischief would perhaps have ensued, had not the impetuosity of the warriors been checked by the wise men of the nation. The Indians were collecting around us, however, in such great numbers, that it was deemed expedient

to force them away, so as to resume our march, or at least to take a more advantageous position. Our company was therefore mustered and drawn up in 'line of battle;' and, accompanied by the sound of a drum and fife, we marched towards the main group of the Indians. The latter seemed far more delighted than frightened with this strange parade and music,—a spectacle they had, no doubt, never witnessed before; and perhaps looked upon the whole movement rather as a complimentary salute than a hostile array; for there was no interpreter through whom any communication could be conveyed to them. But, whatever may have been their impressions, one thing is certain,—that the principal chief (who was dressed in a long red coat of strouding, or coarse cloth) appeared to have full confidence in the virtues of his calumet, which he lighted, and came boldly forward to meet our warlike corps, serenely smoking the 'pipe of peace.' Our captain, now taking a whiff with the savage chief, directed him by signs to cause his warriors to retire. This most of them did, to rejoin the long train of squaws and papooses, with the baggage, who followed in the rear, and were just then seen emerging from beyond the hills. Having slowly descended to the banks of the stream, they pitched their wigwams or lodges; over five hundred of which soon bespeckled the ample valley before us, and at once gave to its recently meagre surface the aspect of an immense Indian village. The entire number of the Indians, when collected together, could not have been less than from two to three thousand—although some of our company insisted that there were at least four thousand souls. In such a case they must have mustered nearly a thousand warriors, while we were but little over two hundred strong. Still, our superior arms and the protection afforded by the wagons, gave us considerably the advantage, even supposing an equality in point of valor. However, the appearance of the squaws and children soon convinced us that, for the present at least, they had no hostile intentions; so we also descended into the valley and formed our camp a few hundred yards below them. The 'capitanes' or head men of the whites and Indians, shortly after met, and, again smoking the calumet, agreed to be friends."

They were nevertheless annoyed by the presence of these unwelcome visitors, until the treaty of peace was "sealed," by presents being made to the chiefs. Afterwards they had a skirmish with some Comanches, without damage, however, to any but the savages themselves. Take, now, a description of the capital of New Mexico:—

"Santa Fé is the only town of any importance in the province. Like most of the towns in this section of country, it occupies the site of an ancient Pueblo or Indian village, whose race has been extinct for a great many years. Its situation is twelve or fifteen miles east of the Rio del Norte, at the western base of a snow-clad mountain, upon a beautiful stream of small mill-power size, which ripples down in icy cascades, and joins the river some twenty miles to the south-westward. The population of the city itself but little exceeds 3,000: yet, including several surrounding villages, which are embraced in its corporate jurisdiction, it amounts to nearly 6,000 souls. The town is very irregularly laid out, and most of the streets are little better than common highways traversing scattered

settlements which are interspersed with corn-fields nearly sufficient to supply the inhabitants with grain. The only attempt at anything like architectural compactness and precision, consists in four tiers of buildings, whose fronts are shaded with a fringe of *portales* or *corredores* of the rudest possible description. They stand around the public square, and comprise the *Palacio*, or governor's house, the custom-house, the barracks, (with which is connected the fearful *Calabozo*,) the *Casa Consistorial* of the *Alcaldes*, the *Capilla de los Soldados* or military chapel, besides several private residences, as well as most of the shops of the American traders."

The following account of the ruins of *La Gran Quivira* will be interesting. We must premise that tradition speaks of numerous and productive mines having been worked in New Mexico previous to the expulsion of the Spaniards in 1680, and of their having been filled up by the Indians, who were of opinion that the cupidity of the conquerors had been the cause of their former oppressions. In every quarter of the territory vestiges of excavations are visible:—

"Among these ancient ruins the most remarkable are those of *La Gran Quivira*, about a hundred miles southward from Santa Fé. This appears to have been a considerable city, larger and richer by far than the present capital of New Mexico has ever been. Many walls, particularly those of churches, still stand erect amid the desolation that surrounds them, as if their sacredness had been a shield against which Time dealt his blows in vain. The style of architecture is altogether superior to anything at present to be found north of Chihuahua—being of hewn stone, a building material wholly unused in New Mexico. What is more extraordinary still, is, that there is no water within less than some ten miles of the ruins; yet we find several stone cisterns, and remains of aqueducts eight or ten miles in length, leading from the neighboring mountains, from whence water was no doubt conveyed. And, as there seem to be no indications whatever of the inhabitants ever having been engaged in agricultural pursuits, what could have induced the rearing of a city in such an arid, woodless plain as this, except the proximity of some valuable mine, it is difficult to imagine. From the peculiar character of the place and the remains of the cisterns still existing, the object of pursuit in this case would seem to have been a *placer*, a name applied to mines of gold-dust intermixed with the earth. However, other mines have no doubt been worked in the adjacent mountains, as many spacious pits are found, such as are usually dug in pursuit of ores of silver, &c.; and it is stated that in several places heaps of scoria are still to be seen. By some persons these ruins have been supposed to be the remains of an ancient Pueblo or aboriginal city. That is not probable, however, for though the relics of aboriginal temples might possibly be mistaken for those of Catholic churches, yet it is not to be presumed that the Spanish coat of arms would be found sculptured and painted upon their façades, as is the case in more than one instance. The most rational accounts represent this to have been a wealthy Spanish city before the general massacre of 1680, in which calamity the inhabitants perished—all except one, as the story goes;

and that their immense treasures were buried in the ruins. Some credulous adventurers have lately visited the spot in search of these long-lost coffers, but as yet none have been found."

The state of art, science, and society at New Mexico is at the lowest possible ebb:—

"Capital crimes and highway robberies are of comparatively rare occurrence in the North, but in smaller delinquencies, such as pilfering and petty rogueries of every shade and description, the common classes can very successfully compete with any other people. Nothing indeed can be left exposed or unguarded without great danger of its being immediately stolen. No husbandman would think of leaving his axe or his hoe, or anything else of the slightest value, lying out over night. Empty wagons are often pillaged of every movable piece of iron, and even the wheels have been carried away. Pieces of merchandise are frequently purloined from the shelves, when they happen to be in reach. In Chihuahua, goods have actually been snatched from the counter while being exposed to the inspection of a pretended purchaser. I once had a trick of this kind played upon me by a couple of boys, who made their escape through a crowd of spectators with their booty exposed. In vain I cried, '*Agarren à los ladrones!*' (catch the thieves!) not a single individual moved to apprehend them. I then proffered the goods stolen to any person who might succeed in bringing the rogues to me, but to no purpose. In fact, there seems to exist a great deal of repugnance, even among the better classes, to apprehending thieves; as if the mere act of informing against them was dishonorable. I heard a very respectable caballero once remark, that he had seen a man purloin certain articles of merchandise, but he could not be induced to give up his name; observing, 'O, I can't think of exposing the poor fellow!'"

The following is the story of "a lady of fashion" in New Mexico:—

"Some twelve or fifteen years ago there lived (or rather roamed) in Taos, a certain female of very loose habits, known as *La Tules*. Finding it difficult to obtain the means of living in that district, she extended her wanderings to the capital. She there became a constant attendant on one of those pandemoniums where the favorite game of *monte* was dealt *pro bono publico*. Fortune at first did not seem inclined to smile upon her efforts, and for some years she spent her days in lowliness and misery. At last her luck turned, as gamblers would say, and on one occasion she left the bank with a spoil of several hundred dollars! This enabled her to open a bank of her own, and being favored by a continued run of good fortune, she gradually rose higher and higher in the scale of affluence, until she found herself in possession of a very handsome fortune. In 1842, she sent to the United States some ten thousand dollars to be invested in goods. She still continues her favorite 'amusement,' being now considered the most expert 'monte dealer' in all Santa Fé. She is openly received in the first circles of society: I doubt, in truth, whether there is to be found in the city a lady of more fashionable reputation than this same Tules, now known as Senora Donna Gertrudes Barceló."

For an illustration of manners, let us extract another passage:—

"Of all the petty vices practised by the New Mexicans, the *vicio inocente* of smoking among ladies, is the most intolerable; and yet it is a habit of which the loveliest and the most refined equally partake. The *puro* or *cigarro* is seen in the mouth of all: it is handed round in the parlor, and introduced at the dinner table—even in the ball-room it is presented to ladies as regularly as any other species of 'refreshment'; and in the dance the *senorita* may often be seen whirling round with a lighted *cigarrito* in her mouth. The belles of the southern cities are very frequently furnished with *tenazitas de oro*, (little golden tongs,) to hold the cigar with, so as to prevent their delicate fingers from being polluted either with the stain or scent of tobacco; forgetting at the same time its disagreeable effects upon the lips and breath."

The aboriginal inhabitants, the author tells us, are now divided into the catholicized and the uncatholicized—the former are distinguished by the name *Pueblos*, and the latter are known as the Wild Tribes. The account of these, however, is given in such mere historical outline, that it offers no materials for quotation. The following illustration of the Cherokee bankrupt law is more amusing to the reader than the victim:—

"On the 28th of April we crossed the Arkansas river a few miles above the mouth of the Canadian fork. We had only proceeded a short distance beyond when a Cherokee shop-keeper came up to us with an attachment for debt against a free mulatto, whom we had engaged as teamster. The poor fellow had no alternative but to return with the importunate creditor, who committed him at once to the care of 'Judge Lynch' for trial. We ascertained afterward that he had been sentenced to 'take the benefit of the bankrupt law' after the manner of the Cherokees of that neighborhood. This is done by stripping and tying the victim to a tree; when each creditor, with a good cow-hide or hickory switch in his hand, scores the amount of the bill due upon his bare back. One stripe for every dollar due is the usual process of 'white-washing,' and as the application of the lash is accompanied by all sorts of quaint remarks, the exhibition affords no small merriment to those present, with the exception, no doubt, of the delinquent himself. After the ordeal is over, the creditors declare themselves perfectly satisfied: nor could they, as is said, ever be persuaded thereafter to receive one red cent of the amount due, even if it were offered to them. As the poor mulatto was also in our debt, and was perhaps apprehensive that we might exact payment in the same currency, he never showed himself again."

Southern Mexico is celebrated, it appears, for its scorpions, and Durango as being the headquarters of the family:—

"During the spring, especially, so much are the houses infested by these poisonous insects, that many people are obliged to have resort to a kind of mosquito-bar, in order to keep them out of their beds at night. As an expedient to deliver the city from this terrible pest, a society has actually been formed, which pays a reward of a *cuartilla* (three cents) for every *alacran* (or scorpion) that is brought to them. Stimulated by the desire of

gain, the idle boys of the city are always on the look out; so that in the course of a year, immense numbers of this public enemy are captured and slaughtered. The body of this insect is of the bulk of a medium spider, with a jointed tail one to two inches long, at the end of which is a sting whose wounds are so poisonous as often to prove fatal to children, and are very painful to adults. The most extraordinary peculiarity of these scorpions is, that they are far less dangerous in the North than in the South, which in some manner accounts for the story told Capt. Pike, that even those of Durango lose most of their venom as soon as they are removed a few miles from the city."

The brigands in the neighborhood are as bad as the scorpions:—

"On the 22d we left Durango, and after a few days' march found ourselves once more in the *camino real* that led from Chihuahua to Zacatecas. All the frightful stories I had heard about robbers now began to flash upon my memory, which made me regard every man I encountered on the road with a very suspicious eye. As all travellers go armed, it is impossible to distinguish them from banditti; so that the unsuspecting trader is very frequently set upon by the very man he had been consorting with in apparent good-fellowship, and either murdered on the spot, or dragged from his horse with the lazo, and plundered of all that is valuable about him. I have heard it asserted that there is a regular bandit trade organized throughout the country, in which some of the principal officers of state (and particularly of the judicial corps) are not unfrequently engaged. A capital is made up by shares, as for any other enterprise, bandits are fitted out and instructed where to operate, and at stated periods of the year a regular dividend is paid to the stock-holders. The impunity which these 'gentlemen of the order' almost everywhere enjoy in the country, is therefore not to be marvelled at. In Durango, during my sojourn there, a well-dressed caballero was frequently in the habit of entering our *meson*, whom mine host soon pointed out to me as a notorious brigand. 'Beware of him,' said the honest publican; 'he is prying into your affairs'—and so it turned out; for my muleteer informed me that the fellow had been trying to pump from him all the particulars in regard to our condition and destination. Yet this worthy was not only suffered to prowl about unmolested by the authorities, but appeared to be on familiar terms with the principal dignitaries of the city. Notwithstanding all our apprehensions, however, we arrived at our place of destination without even the novelty of an incident to swell our budget of gossip."

At length the party encountered an attack from the Pawnees.

"On the evening of the 10th our camp was pitched in the neighborhood of a ravine in the prairie, and as the night was dark and dreary, the watch tried to comfort themselves by building a rousing fire, around which they presently drew, and commenced 'spinning long yarns,' about Mexican fandangoes and black-eyed damsels. All of a sudden the stillness of the night was interrupted by a loud report of fire-arms, and a shower of bullets came whizzing by the ears of the heedless sentinels. Fortunately, however, no one was injured; which must be looked upon as a very extraordinary circumstance, when we consider

what a fair mark our men, thus huddled round a blazing fire, presented to the rifles of the Indians. The savage yells, which resounded from every part of the ravine, bore very satisfactory testimony that this was no false alarm; and the 'Pawnee whistle,' which was heard in every quarter, at once impressed us with the idea of its being a band of that famous prairie banditti. Every man sprang from his pallet with rifle in hand; for, upon the Prairies, we always sleep with our arms by our sides or under our heads. Our Comanche seemed at first very much at a loss what to do. At last, thinking it might possibly be a band of his own nation, he began a most boisterous harangue in his vernacular tongue, which he continued for several minutes; when finding that the enemy took no notice of him, and having become convinced also, from an occasional Pawnee word which he was able to make out, that he had been wasting breath with the mortal foes of his race, he suddenly ceased all expostulations, and blazed away with his rifle, with a degree of earnestness which was truly edifying, as if convinced that that was the best he could do for us. It was now evident that the Indians had taken possession of the entire ravine, the nearest points of which were not fifty yards from our wagons; a warning to prairie travellers to encamp at a greater distance from whatsoever might afford shelter for an enemy. The banks of the gully were low, but still they formed a very good breast-work, behind which the enemy lay ensconced, discharging volleys of balls upon our wagons, among which we were scattered. At one time we thought of making an attempt to rout them from their fortified position; but being ignorant of their number, and unable to distinguish any object through the dismal darkness which hung all around, we had to remain content with firing at random from behind our wagons, aiming at the flash of their guns, or in the direction whence a noise appeared to emanate. Indeed their yelling was almost continuous, breaking out every now and then in the most hideous screams and vociferous chattering, which were calculated to appall such timorous persons as we may have had in our caravan. All their screeching and whooping, however, had no effect—they could not make our animals break from the enclosure of the wagons, in which they were fortunately shut up; which was no doubt their principal object for attacking us. * * The enemy continued the attack for nearly three hours, when they finally retired, so as to make good their retreat before daylight. As it rained and snowed from that time till nine in the morning, their 'sign' was almost entirely obliterated, and we were unable to discover whether they had received any injury or not. It was evidently a foot party, which we looked upon as another proof of their being Pawnees; for these famous marauders are well known to go forth on their expeditions of plunder without horses, although they seldom fail to return well mounted. Their shot had riddled our wagons considerably. We had the gratification to believe, however, that they did not get a single one of our animals: a horse which broke away at the first onset, doubtless made his escape; and a mule which was too badly wounded to travel, was dispatched by the muleteers, lest it should fall into the hands of the savages, or into the mouths of the wolves; and they deemed it more humane to leave it to be eaten dead than alive. We also experienced considerable damage in our stock of sheep, a number of

them having been devoured by wolves. They had been scattered at the beginning of the attack; and, in their anxiety to fly from the scene of action had jumped as it were, into the very jaws of their ravenous enemies."

It has indirectly been the author's aim to elaborate rather a full digest of his experience than to detail his personal adventures, and thus to present a book which shall give a general account of New Mexico, the Prairies, the Indian tribes, and the trade to Santa Fé; amusement, accordingly, is throughout subordinated to instruction.

From the Britannia.

MESSRS. CHAMBERS' SOIREE.

Edinburgh.

THE reading portion of the community are well acquainted with the publications sent forth in various forms of "cheapness" by Mr. William and Mr. Robert Chambers, the most universally circulated of all being known as "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal;" it was the first of that class of periodicals, and it has continued the *first*, both as regards the quality and quantity of the information it communicates, and the large number it circulates, abroad and at home. A visit to the—we may almost call it—*literary manufactory* of these public-spirited brothers, richly repays the labor of ascending and descending a house *eleven stories in height*. You enter from the High street of Edinburgh, and, in your ignorance of Scottish architecture, fancy you have got in, after the usual English fashion, at the basement. No such thing; you have entered nearly at the top! Turn into that mysterious-looking close on the left, "and down, down-a-down," as you go you pass door after door, door after door, communicating with the different floors, until you come to the foot of the hill on which the house is built, and look up the side, seen from the magnificent promenade of Princes street, at the pyramid occupied as the office of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal." It is a marvellous place; each floor appropriated to a particular branch of the business—store-rooms, and strong-rooms, and stock-rooms—all in such wonderful order. First, there is a sort of business-office; below that, the various neat apartments occupied by the brothers and their assistants who edit the "Journal" and the other books issued from the establishment; then, printing-presses open wide their blackened and devouring jaws, groaning forth, "More—more—give me more copy!" a noble room, capable of containing two hundred people, is appropriated to the bookbinders; another floor is occupied by young women, who appear to be perpetually stitching paper; then you are interested by the beautiful process of stereotyping; or, lower still, by the working of an hydraulic-press; and all these rooms are well arranged, clean, and so healthfully ventilated, that the thermometer stands at nearly the same temperature all the year round.

This fine establishment, disseminating so much that makes men better and wiser, throughout the world, is the growth of about thirteen years, increasing its influence month by month, and proving what Scottish perseverance and Scottish thrift can accomplish, when united to the high purpose of disseminating useful and ennobling literature. Not one single publication, ministering to the false and debased taste which of late has degraded our

style, and magnified the low and the vicious into the heroes of fiction, has ever been issued by that house, and, while what they send forth is decidedly cheap, they take care it shall be as decidedly good. All things work well together, and the bond of union between the men and their employers is more than ordinarily strengthened by a *soirée* of a novel kind, to which the Messrs. Chambers annually invite their workmen. The usual plan of "the trade" is to give the men a dinner at a tavern; but, instead of this, the great bookbinding apartment, in the Messrs. Chambers' establishment, is tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers; a green canopy is above the chairs (at opposite sides of the room) occupied by the brothers, as chair and vice-chairmen; while tables, a dozen in number, are laid out with as much judgment as elegance, worth taking note of in our public entertainments, as they radiate, like a fan, from the platform, on which the chairman and principal guests and speakers are seated. By this means, all see and hear throughout the extensive apartment.

The late assembly, at which we were present, consisted of upwards of two hundred and twenty persons, about one hundred and thirty being the men and their families employed in the establishment, the others consisting of ladies and gentlemen, friends of the hosts. The entertainment was conducted on "temperance principles," but was, nevertheless, of the most abundant kind. The lemonades were iced, and not a small pleasure was derived from observing the laughing faces of the well-dressed and happy-looking children as they partook of the rich cakes which form so prominent a feature in Scottish tea-drinkings, or eyed the various fruits as they were placed upon the tables. As soon as tea and coffee were succeeded by lemonades and sweetmeats, Mr. William Chambers arose, amid loud cheering, to bid welcome to his friends. He regretted the absence of some, but rejoiced in the presence of others—a few literary strangers especially, amongst whom he named Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Doctor Samuel Browne, the long-admired but somewhat mysterious "Bon Gaultier," and Mr. John Robertson; the clever author of the popular "Susan Hopley" was also present; and having passed a warm eulogium upon the talents of his guests, he gave a brief account of the circulation of their own different periodicals. Ninety thousand of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" were disseminated weekly; of the "Information for the People" thirteen thousand copies had been disposed of; the circulation of the "Cyclopædia of English Literature" had been thirty thousand; of the people's editions, which had set the fashion of works under that title, the circulation had varied from three thousand to fourteen thousand copies. Of "Chambers' Educational Course"—now issuing—the sale was much larger than had ever been anticipated, fifty thousand of some books having been already disposed of! The total quantity of printed sheets, issued of the several publications of Messrs. Chambers, were believed to be about *seven millions* annually! Fancy a *ton weight* of literature coming forth to the world each week! And let us pause for a moment, to consider how much power, either for good or evil, rests with those who are so circumstanced as to launch forward such a quantity of mental nutriment, which must either ennoble or degrade society. We believe that, what Mr. Chambers stated, at an after period of the evening, was perfectly true,

and that he really has a right to lay the unction to his soul of the consciousness of never having published a page that did not tend to the elevation or innocent amusement of the human race. It was delightful to hear him eulogize the good conduct of the persons in their establishment; to learn that the moral improvement of those who labored earnestly and honestly for their own advantage, and the advantage of their employers, was an object of solicitude to their masters—a solicitude not evaporating in words, but manifesting itself by deeds. There is an excellent library open to the workmen, from whence, without charge, they are permitted to take home books to their families; there is an evening school for boys, and a Sunday evening school for moral and religious instruction; a savings' bank, in which, since its opening, two years and a half ago, a considerable sum has been deposited, and, after deducting drafts upon it, a good balance remained on hand. It was impossible to hear Mr. Chambers tell his workmen that he once was placed in the same position *they* occupied, and not feel how nobly he elevated himself by so generous and genial an acknowledgment, knowing, as we did, that these gentlemen have restored the fallen fortunes of an old family by steady habits of industry, and those early habits of self-denial which secure the fruits of that industry to themselves and to their children:—

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

When Mr. Chambers' address was concluded, an excellent band played the favorite airs of Scotland. A brief lecture was delivered on some new art in penmanship. Mr. Burns, the chief compositor, returned thanks for the honor Mr. Chambers had done him and his fellow-workmen in a speech well arranged and as well delivered. Songs were sung—healths drank—which, of course, produced more speeches; and Professor Simpson, Mr. John Robertson, Dr. Samuel Browne, the author of "Susan Hopley," Mr. D. O. Hill, and others, were loudly and deservedly cheered. Mr. S. C. Hall had a double task to perform, in returning thanks on behalf of his wife as well as himself, for the most gratifying reception they experienced in Scotland, and stated, with much feeling and eloquence, that they were totally unprepared for the warmth and cordiality with which they had been greeted in highlands and lowlands. Then, there was more music and more singing; the health of Mr. R. Chambers, the accomplished scholar, the antiquarian of Edinburgh, the gentle master, or the kind friend of all who were present, was the signal for enthusiastic cheering; and, after a few more toasts, and a few more songs, the *soirée* terminated soon after eleven. The next morning, at the usual hour, the printing-presses gaped again for "copy;" the young women stitched away, talking, it might be, more busily than usual, concerning songs and caps, ribands and speeches; the grave compositors, stern, calm men, who seem as though they were doomed to an eternal separating and replacing of large and small letters, exchanged brief moonlight sort of smiles with each other; and the boys kept up a perpetual munching of pears and apples, the remnants of the last night's feast. Except for these symptoms of "company," all other externals—even the leaves and flowers—had passed away from that house of many stories and busy times;

but not so the memory of renewed sympathies, and the increased knowledge of the benefits arising from the doctrine of mutual assistance—not so the knowledge that, if the mechanic never rises to be a master, he is still one of the props of his kind, necessary to its well-doing—not so the knowledge, too little considered, that such a working class has achieved a position of self-respect and self-support, which can only be a terror to evil-doers, while the truly great and high-minded must rejoice to see the foundations of society becoming more secure through such encouragement and such means.

From the Port Folio.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE CAUCASUS.

THERE is much interesting matter in the German papers, respecting the Caucasus, which we regret exceedingly our space does not allow us to give. There is also intelligence of a cheering kind. The efforts recently made by Russia have not obtained the success which was anticipated from them in the course of last year; but on the contrary they have animated the resistance of the Circassians. The Russian arms have sustained repeated overthrows, and the loss of some important stations. If the report of the capture of Derbend is confirmed, then indeed would Russia be half severed from her trans-Caucasian provinces, and be thrown back in her material progress for years.

It has been remarked by Gustavus III. that her influence over distant governments, extended by her diplomacy, was continuously counteracted by the resistance of those who were near to her, and knew her better and dreaded her more. So now, as the coils are wound closer and closer round the British Empire*—round the destinies of France; just as the bombardment of Tangier had given her a tenfold stronger hold than ever over both nations—do the patriot weapons and honest hearts of a handful of mountaineers signally defeat her power, and shame the craven villany of the cultered, lettered, presumptuous, and degraded people of Europe.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 17.

Intelligence has been received here in an official quarter, and also at the Porte, of a signal defeat having been recently experienced by a corps of the Russian army in Daghestan. The news, though precise, is by no means detailed; but having been confirmed in an opposite channel, there appears no doubt as to its accuracy. It is to the effect that a Russian *corps d'armée* of 40,000 men had been surprised by the famous Schamil, already of such renown from his previous successes; that a vast number of prisoners had been taken, including 200 officers, and two general officers; that all the guns and war material of the *corps d'armée* had been captured, and the entire body routed and dispersed. It is further stated, that in retaliation for the late energetic measures of the Russian government to prosecute the war in Daghestan, the Russian prisoners, with the exception of those among them who were Mussulmans, had since been put to death. The Mussulmans had consented to serve among the forces of Schamil. General Neidhart, on hearing the above news, had determined, it was said, to advance in search of Schamil with the main body of the Russian army,

amounting to 120,000 men, with a design of carrying into execution the concentrated attack on the mountaineers, for which such vast preparations had been making from the early part of the year. But it was also conjectured, in the communication received, that the Daghestan chief would retire into the mountains, where, if the masses of the Russian army attempted to follow him, the consequences would probably be more than ever disastrous to themselves."

A letter from Tiflis says:—

"We learn, that on the defeat of the Russians at Derbend, on the Caspian Sea, which we mentioned some days back, Schamil-Bey, the Circassian general, entered the town, after forcing the temporary fortifications, with a loss to the Russians of 2000 men, and made a rich booty in provisions and ammunition. The Russians have since been beaten with considerable loss near Gratigarsk, in the upper Caucasus. The army, which is, it is said, 100,000 strong, is greatly discouraged. Its head-quarters are at Stavropol, near the Couban, under the orders of Prince Michael and General Yermoloff."

It seems that M. Titoff at Constantinople, is rivalling M. Bugeaud at Outchda, and that the treatment of the Circassian refugees by Turkey, under the direction of Russia, is an authoritative example for France to urge on the Emperor of Morocco. Fine friends the Porte has got guaranteeing her independence, Russia using her to subjugate Circassia, a French squadron threatening to bombard her if she approaches Tunis, and an English governor-general making a treaty to dispose of Egypt.

A Constantinople correspondent says:—

"M. Titoff last week addressed a very strong note to the Porte on the subject of Circassia. He complains that the intercourse with the coast of Abasia is encouraged by the connivance of the Turkish authorities on the coast of Asia Minor, and that a Circassian chief of the name of Zazi Oglu, who at his (M. Titoff's) suggestion, was some months ago seized at Constantinople, and exiled to Bolu, has since effected his escape to Circassia—that another chief, the well-known Sefer Bey, in exile at Adrianople, was not placed under proper surveillance, but was still allowed to carry on intrigues with foreigners. He adds that it was the decided opinion of Count Woronzow, the governor of the Caucasus, that much of the obstinate resistance of the Circassians must be attributed to the remissness, if not bad faith, of the Turkish government. He therefore concludes by urging upon the Porte the necessity of adopting more effectual measures for the prevention of the intercourse alluded to, and intimates that further negligence in this matter may lead to serious misunderstanding between the two governments."

THE real cost of the insurrection in Canada, during the Melbourne Whig régime, at last comes out—almost five millions and a half! By a return laid before parliament on the motion of Mr. Leader, it appears that the total expense of the Army, Navy, Ordnance, and Commissariat services in Canada, for the year 1837, amounted to 189,048*l.*; and for subsequent years as follows—

1838 . .	£510,248	1841 . .	£898,999
1839 . .	1,629,070	1842 . .	884,998
1840 . .	1,313,884	1843 . .	806,007

* The strange declaration of Sir Robert Peel about the "outrage" of France followed the visit of the emperor.

STATE OF LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

[The bill just brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Greene, for regulating international copyrights and the trade in books, has reminded us of the annexed letter on the condition of authors and literature in England by a gentleman of literary distinction to a member of the government; which statement is, we think, well worthy of public consideration. It was written some time before the protection which was lately obtained for literature was granted, and had, we believe, very considerable effect in producing that result.—*Ed. Literary Gazette.*]

MY DEAR SIR,—It was said very many years ago, that "France is the country for a man of genius to live in, and England for him to die in;" and I know nothing that should induce us to suppose that England is less deserving of the reproach now, at least as far as genius employed in literature is concerned. Sculpture, architecture, painting, have encouragement and protection, and receive not only reward, but honors. No honors fall to the share of literature; and I believe you will find that the recompense which follows even popularity is at present infinitely small in this pursuit as compared with any other, and is daily decreasing. No one will deny that a certain portion of talent and industry, exerted in any other course, will produce at least ten times the remuneration that it will obtain when exerted in literary pursuits; and I do not scruple to assert that, except under very extraordinary circumstances, no literary man can gain even a decent livelihood in England, unless he sets out with an independent fortune of his own, or has another profession. This fact is proved by the lives of the most eminent men of our own day—Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others; and although Sir Walter Scott, the solitary instance in which honors were conferred for purely literary merit, did during the incessant labor of a life gain in the whole a sum equal to what thousands of manufacturers make in the course of a few years, we must not forget that he began his literary career totally independent of it as a means of existence, and through life enjoyed large emoluments from his legal and other offices. Although the subject of mere pecuniary remuneration to literary men is that which I shall principally press upon your notice, in your official capacity, forgive me for touching briefly upon the general state of literature, and the condition of literary men, in addressing one who has proved himself a friend as well as an ornament to letters.

Let me inquire, then, Why is it that literary men are totally excluded in England from all those honorable distinctions which are lavishly bestowed upon the members of every other profession? How is it that the exertion of great abilities, coupled with the best private conduct, can never lead in literary pursuits to fortune, and seldom to competence? How is it that books are dearer in England than in any other country?

All these questions are intimately connected with each other; and I believe that on the answer to the first will greatly depend the view which every one takes of the other two. Some persons will be found to assert, that honors and distinctions have not been granted to literary men, because they are in general too poor to do, what is called, "keep up high station properly;" others will assert, that it is because their private conduct is often

bad, and their habits not of a high tone; and others, again, will contend that it is because no benefit would accrue to literature even if such distinctions were bestowed.

I take a very different view, and believe that the two objections urged against literary men are effects, not motives, of the neglect with which they are treated; and I am confident that one of the chief causes of the evil state of literary affairs in England is, that almost every successive government has misappreciated the importance of a sane national literature, and has shown an utter indifference to the best interests of letters. It is not that ministers have shown a dislike to literature, it is that they have done worse—have cared nothing about it. They have set the nation a great example of treating it with cold contempt. Even the wisest of them, resting on the glories of the past, looking back to Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and the rest, have thought it of no importance to insure vigorous efforts in the same course at present. We have no reason to believe that they have doubted, and considered, and pondered, whether honors and rewards, and instant attention to causes of complaint, and active exertions to protect from aggression, are really better for literature than leaving it to fight its own battles, and do the best for itself; but it is, that almost all ministers and statesmen in this country have been indifferent to it altogether, have undervalued its importance as a part of the national glory, and have misappreciated its influence upon mankind. Had they not been cold and thoughtless upon the subject, it would have required but little argument to show, that if honors are good as an encouragement for the physician of the body, they can be no less so to the physician of the spirit; that if they are rightly held out as an inducement to exertion in those who combat our enemies in the field, they are no less requisite for those who wage war against evil and error at home; that if they are fitted for the advocates who plead the causes of individuals in our courts, they are no less fitted for those who advocate the general principles of right, justice, truth, and religion, at the bar of the public opinion. But beyond all denial they have been cold, they have been indifferent. They have not risked the slightest breath of popularity for what is just towards literary men; they have not used one single exertion to render the literature of the country saner, nobler, higher in its tone than it is. They have looked upon men of letters but as poor wretches who contribute nothing to the material part of the productions of the land; who are unworthy of any distinction, and who scarcely even deserve to reap the fruits of their own labor. Thus have their actions shown that they consider literary men, and depend upon it, this conduct has had no slight effect in teaching the country to consider them in the same light also.

Throughout the whole race of man there is an inclination to follow where others lead, and to admire where others admire. Did the government set the example of honoring literary merit, the people would follow that example, and reward it. A general impulsion would be given to letters, and both more books would be bought, and better books would be written. Those who are unwilling to make the experiment may argue till doomsday that such would not be the result, without convincing any rational man that they feel aught but indifference to literature, even while they effect to consider its best interests. In this country the

experiment has never been tried ; in all those states where it has been tried, the effect has been invariable. You are well aware, I am sure, of the sudden start which literature took in Germany during the last century, and you will find that it was immediately consequent upon great encouragement given to literary men by various German princes. Who can doubt that the increasing care and attention bestowed upon the interests of literature, and the importance attached to them in France ever since the reign of Louis XIV., has been the cause, not alone of producing books to be read, but of producing the taste for reading them, so that sums can be given by booksellers in France for works to be sold at a mere trifle, which no London bookseller would dream of giving! Nay more, I must contend that such encouragement has made the works in themselves better; for although various causes have contributed to carry the disorganization and demoralization which exists in French society into literature itself, yet we must not forget that with George Sand, Balzac, Sue, and others, we have Salvandy, Guizot, Xavier, Barante, and many more. These men have risen under a particular system, the taste for reading has also risen under that system; and it is not fair to argue that it would not produce more or less the same effects in England, when it has never been tried even in a limited degree. Thus I cannot help feeling that the want of encouragement shown towards literature in this country by all preceding ministers has proceeded solely from indifference, not from any consideration of prudence, justice, or convenience, and that it has greatly tended to produce those effects which are now put forward as motives for continuing it, by depriving literary men of the hopes that cheer honorable ambition, and the expectations that lead to exertion and insure success.

But I must contend that literature has not only been without encouragement and reward on the part of government, but it has been, and is, without due consideration and protection; and this brings me to consider more immediately my second question; namely, how is it that the exertion of the greatest abilities, coupled with the best private conduct, in literary pursuits can never lead to fortune, and seldom to competence? Of one cause I have just spoken, the utter indifference, during centuries, of government itself, towards literature, which has fostered the indifference of the people; but another cause is the want of due protection; and this part of the subject is the immediate object of my letter to you.

Although, including her colonies, England greatly exceeds the number of persons able to read that France can produce, yet the sale of books in this country is not one tenth part of that which takes place in the neighboring kingdom. This proceeds from three chief causes: first, the want of taste for reading; second, the extensive foreign piracy of English works; third, the high (but I fear necessarily high) price of books in England.

Of the first cause I have spoken already; the second is one of the greatest evils that beset English literature in the present day. Its effects are shown by the fact that, whereas the number not only of books printed in France, but of copies of each book sold, has greatly increased since the war, as compared with the increase of population, the numbers of copies sold has diminished in England in a lamentable degree. The enemies of literature have asserted that this falling-off has been a consequence of the increased num-

ber of literary men; but the falsehood of this assertion is proved by carrying out the comparison with France, where literary men have increased in a far greater proportion, and the sale increased at the same time. It is said, in answer to this, that French works are also pirated to a great extent; but in this point there is no parity between the two countries. France has not one-hundredth part so many subjects non-resident upon her actual soil as England has. The introduction of pirated copies into any part of that kingdom is guarded against with the utmost strictness and severity; so that the piracy of French works supplies not so much Frenchmen, as foreigners who read French; and thus the piracy of British works affects British authors to an infinitely greater extent than the piracy of French works affects French authors. In proof of this, Monsieur Melin , the celebrated printer of Brussels, who reprints every popular French work as soon as it appears, assured me solemnly that he never sent even a single copy of his editions into France.

Thus it appears clear to me that the decrease in the sale of English works since the war is attributable in a great degree to the piracy carried on by foreigners, and to the facilities allowed them of selling these editions to British subjects in all parts of the world, including England itself.

The circumstances under which this nefarious traffic is carried on are as follows. We have a law insuring to every author an exclusive right to publish his own works for a certain period; and the law has been found quite effective against piracy in England. It also extends to insure a copyright to the subjects of friendly powers publishing their works in England, as is proved in the case of Bentley *versus* the piratical publishers of Cooper's works. But a system of foreign piracy has been organized against which we have no defence. Within three days, or four at the most, after the work of a popular author has reached Paris, it is reprinted *verbatim*, and sold at one sixth of the price. Sometimes, by a juggle with the English printer, this is accomplished even sooner; one of my own romances was reprinted in two days; another edition generally is published in Belgium; two in Germany, sometimes three; and innumerable editions in America.

The number of copies printed in each of these editions is carefully concealed; but at all events it is sufficient in the aggregate to supply not only the English readers and travellers on the continent and in America, but also all our own colonies, with the exception of India, which is supplied by another piratical publisher in Calcutta itself, named Ruxton. The loss to British authors is enormous; and to remedy this evil a bill was brought in some years ago, and passed, for enabling ministers to treat with foreign powers for an international copyright-law. The intentions of parliament, in this respect, have never been carried out to a satisfactory conclusion; and in the mean while a relaxation of the law regarding the introduction of these pirated editions into England itself, has given the greatest encouragement to the very system of piracy for the prevention of which parliament authorized ministers to treat. By the regulations of the customs, the admission of English works pirated by the subjects of other countries, is strictly prohibited; but a relaxation of this prohibition has been sanctioned by a treasury-minute, dated 29th June, 1830, in virtue of which the custom-house officers are permitted to pass single copies of all

pirated works in the baggage of travellers when imported for their own private use. It is easy to understand the liberal feeling on which this permission was granted; and it was undoubtedly not foreseen by any one that it would be abused to the ruin of popular works by English authors. But what is the result at present? It is, that English authors have not only to contend with foreign piratical printers on the continent and in our colonies, but in England itself. Baudry and Galignani, the great pirates of our works in France, openly advertise that they will supply these publications in England itself at a mere difference in price of shillings for francs; and the introduction of these works is undoubtedly carried on under the favor of the treasury-minute. This, I repeat, could never be contemplated, I am sure, by those who promulgated the minute. However, the consequence is, that every author loses in proportion to his popularity; and the fraud is increasing to such an extent, that ere long it will be very little worth while to publish our works at all. This will be evident from the following facts. Although immense numbers of our works are sold on the continent and America without our deriving any benefit therefrom, the average sale in England ranges between two and three thousand copies; and the greatest part of these are not purchased by individuals for their own amusement, but by what are called circulating-libraries and book-clubs. It is impossible to ascertain exactly what are the numbers of pirated works brought in for sale to private individuals under favor of the treasury-minute, but we can arrive at something like a certainty in regard to the numbers thus purchased for circulating-libraries. In every small town on the coast opposite to France, and for forty miles in the interior, as far as Bath itself, the circulating-libraries are supplied exclusively with the pirated editions, as it is very natural where they can get a work for six shillings which would cost more than thirty in England, they should take means to do so. Thus every courier, every servant, every person who comes to sell fruit, game, or eggs, in short every one of the vast multitude daily passing between France and England, having a right to bring over a single copy of each pirated work, no difficulty can exist in six or seven hundred circulating-libraries supplying themselves with the numbers required. It is calculated that at least seven hundred and fifty copies of each popular work are thus brought over for circulating-libraries. The system, however, is extending daily; and since the direct communication between London and the continent has so greatly increased, a great many of the small libraries about the capital have, by the same means, been supplied with the pirated editions. The number of works that have been pirated by Baudry and Galignani is now so great (three hundred and eighty volumes) that, according to the price charged for the carriage, about one shilling per volume, it is quite worth their while, when a whole set is ordered, to send over a person expressly to bring it as a part of his luggage.

I have said that it is impossible to ascertain exactly the number imported under favor of the treasury-minute; but we can quite well arrive at some approximation. The custom-house officers, satisfied that the revenue does not lose, take no great pains to inquire which, out of a parcel of books paying the highest duty, are pirated English works or not. In the baggage of all travellers they are passed without question; and I myself brought

twenty-five copies this year which paid the high duty, but were never marked as English books printed abroad. When they are observed, however, they are weighed separately and registered; and I have obtained the weight thus entered at Dover, from Michaelmas 1840 to Michaelmas 1841 inclusive, amounting to fifteen hundred and sixty-eight pounds weight. Each work in three volumes, when reprinted by Baudry in one, weighs about one pound; and thus we find fifteen hundred and sixty-eight copies of pirated works reported as entering at Dover. I should be under the calculation if I said that three times the reported number are really entered at that port. But besides that port, at London and Brighton very much larger numbers than at Dover are imported; and at Southampton, Ramsgate, Hastings, Guernsey, and Jersey, a considerable number likewise. On the whole, I feel sure that, taking Dover as a guide, the numbers reported at all the different ports would not amount to less than seventy-two hundred weight, or more than eight thousand copies, and that the real numbers are more than treble those reported. So much for the second cause which I have pointed out as producing a great diminution in the sale of English works.

The third cause is the high price of English works, to which I have alluded also in the first part of my letter as one of the evils to be inquired into. It is certainly an evil in all respects, both to the buyer and to the seller, and is not unimportant in keeping down the taste for reading and in diminishing the sale of all works. Nevertheless, I fear that until we can make ourselves secure against foreign piracy we cannot induce the booksellers to make any diminution. It has been tried once or twice, has succeeded for a short time, and then failed completely. So that those who attempted it have always been obliged, sooner or later, to return to the old system. As I informed you verbally, I believe all authors are willing to diminish the price; but booksellers assert, and I believe justly, that the sale of English works has so much decreased, and the expenses of publication are so great, that they cannot consent. Neither is the price charged to the public comparatively so high as it appears. The difference, for instance, between England and France is not in fact greater than the different price of materials and labor naturally produces, and the profits of the English author are considerably less. The public taste in England requires a more expensive form, more decoration, and more solidity. The page is less crowded with type, the paper is thicker, the volume is in boards, instead of being merely stitched in a wrapper, and yet each ordinary volume of a newly published work in England costs 10s. 6d. In France, the price, at first publication, is ordinarily seven francs, or 5s. 10d. This may seem a very great difference, notwithstanding the superior beauty of the English volume; but let us consider what has been the cost of producing that volume. The price of the paper has been 22s. or 23s. per ream in England at the least, and in France 12s. 6d. The price of the printing has also been much greater; and whereas the advertisement has cost a hundred pounds or more in this country, as great an extent of advertisement has been obtained on the continent for twenty. Thus in reality the charge is not exorbitant, and the profits comparatively less than in France.

I was once asked in reference to foreign pi-

racies, why English authors did not fight the French piratical printers with their own weapons, print the usual three volumes in one, and sell it at the same price that the French charge! The reply is threefold, and nearly self-evident. First, the customs and tastes of the country require a more convenient form, better paper, and better printing. Secondly, the average expense of producing such a volume in England is twice what it is in France. Thirdly, the English author has a title to some profit in his copyright, which the French pirate evades.

The only chance of our being able greatly to reduce the price of books in this country rests in the hope of extinguishing foreign piracy by a general international convention. Then we might induce booksellers to do so; and I for one would undertake to diminish the price of my works to two thirds of their present rate.

I am well aware that it may be said in answer to some of the foregoing observations, that the diminution of the sale of books is caused by the high price alone, and not by foreign piracies; and I know that the high price and diminution of sale are causes which act and react upon each other. But a strong motive for believing that the great decrease has proceeded from undue competition on the part of foreigners, is to be found in the fact, that during the war, and for some time afterwards, when the prices of all things were dearer in this country than they are at present, but when we were not subject to foreign piracy, the price of books was considerable less. Thus the romances in three volumes that now sell for 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.* then sold for 1*l.* 1*s.*, or at most for 1*l.* 4*s.*

I believe that I have now given you a fair statement of some of the evils of which literary men in England suppose they have a right to complain. I have endeavored to avoid all exaggeration; and of the following points, at all events, there can be no doubt, namely, that literature has received no encouragement from government; that it received negative discouragement, by not sharing in the honors and rewards assigned to other professions; that in some respects (perhaps from the absolute inability of government to carry out the requisite treaties) it does not even receive due protection; and that in the matter of the introduction of pirated copies into England, as at present carried on, it receives direct discouragement and wrong. That such a state of things will be allowed to continue under a conservative government, and a minister celebrated for his high classical attainments and literary taste, I do not believe; and it is my purpose to seek with every energy of my mind to obtain a redress of these evils. I shall urge upon the government, in the first place, to rescind every order relaxing the positive prohibition of pirated works; and secondly, to carry on vigorously the negotiations already commenced for the purpose of engaging one state after another in reciprocal treaties for the abolition of piracy.* In regard to the latter object, many difficulties may impede the progress of our government, many may have already impeded it. But the former measure is quite within the immediate power of the ministry;

* The only method by which we shall arrive at any general treaty with foreign powers is, by bringing different states one by one into the reciprocal engagements we wish to establish. Although it is true that one state will take the piracy up after another has dropped it, we shall ultimately succeed with all, when once two or three principal kingdoms are engaged.

and authors and publishers are entitled to demand it as a right, rather than ask it as a favor. I do not think that the application will be rejected; for nothing can cause it to be so, but the desire of popularity outweighing the sense of justice. Even convenience is not consulted in the relaxation of the law that exists; for Mr. Deans, the chairman of the board of customs, one of our best authorities, agrees that it would be much more rational and convenient to leave the law perfectly stringent, suffering the board of customs itself to relax it in those individual cases where relaxation was necessary.*

The late Lord Sydenham took a similar view, when I applied to him while he was president of the board of trade; feeling that it was absurd for parliament to employ him and others to carry out treaties for the abolition of foreign piracy, when a treasury-minute gave the greatest encouragement to it, by allowing every one who bought pirated editions on the continent to introduce them into England at their return. He distinctly promised me that these things should be amended; but being shortly after appointed to Canada, the matter was neglected, and since then the abuse of the relaxation has increased to a ruinous extent. Let it be ever remembered that the law which prohibits the introduction of foreign editions of English works had in view a different and more important object than any ordinary custom-house regulation. It was not to add to the revenue—it was not to protect a particular branch of industry from unequal competition; but it was to guard against actual fraud. It was, in short, to prevent foreign pirates from doing what English pirates cannot do, and defrauding British authors in their own country. Let it be remembered also, that the relaxation of that law, as at present abused, has well nigh rendered the law itself of no avail, and will soon render it nugatory altogether. I think, considering these circumstances, no one will deny that we have a right to demand, as a mere act of justice, that the stringency of the law should be restored. The relaxation, as now abused, is employed to enable foreigners to profit by a fraud that we prevent and punish in Englishmen. It is most detrimental to printers, paper-makers, booksellers, and a thousand other classes, as well as to literary men; and it is in direct opposition to the purpose of stopping foreign piracy, expressed by all parties in the discussion of the international copyright bill. If this relaxation be persevered in, it will be tantamount to proclaiming to all foreign piratical printers that the government permits them to defraud every popular author of as many copies of his works as they can pass into England one at a time. But I feel sure that such a state of things cannot be suffered to exist for an hour after it is exposed, at least by the persons who now hold the reins of government.

In regard to the general encouragement of literature to which I have referred, I shall not attempt to urge any particular plan upon the ministry, which I believe to be the most enlightened and truly liberal that we have had for very many

* A curious instance of the operation of this law and of its relaxation occurred the other day. Some American booksellers sent Capt. Marryatt a complete set of their reprint of his works. The customs would not suffer it to enter; but if Capt. Marryatt had ordered it to be sent to Calais, the first valet-de-chambre coming over could and would have brought it in his portmanteau for a few francs.

years; but will only quote the words of a living writer, who long ago took the same view of the subject that I do.

"It is proper to inquire what the inducements are in this country for a man to devote his life to science, or to the higher branches of literature; of which branches history is undoubtedly entitled to the first rank. The ordinary motives which influence a man on embracing any pursuit or profession, besides the love of fame, are a wish for rank and honors, and more generally a desire for money. It is notorious that scientific or historical acquirements are not productive of pecuniary advantages. The claims of each class on the government are consequently equal; and to obtain the admission of those claims, the most distinguished scientific persons, and the most eminent authors, should make it one common cause to press their pretensions to a share of the honors and public rewards of the country, upon the attention of the crown and the administration. It would be untrue to say that there are no examples of honors having been bestowed by the sovereign in reward of science or literature; for of the many *hundred* baronets and knights who have been made in the last fifty years, Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Walter Scott obtained the former rank from their talents, and a few scientific persons have been knighted. Knighthood, however, has in no instance been conferred for *literary merit*; and, incredible as it may seem, Sir Walter Scott is the *only* example in England of an *author* having been distinguished by any title of honors since the accession of George the Third. Since that period, physicians without number have been knighted and made baronets; and knighthood has been bestowed upon architects, chemists, musicians, painters, merchants, tradesmen, and, in short, upon every class of the community, excepting upon *literary men* for *literary merit*. Can it be denied that those who have promoted the interests of their country, and of the world in general, by their scientific discoveries, or instructed and enlightened mankind by their writings, should be rewarded by those distinctions which in Great Britain have been hitherto confined to particular descriptions of services, of which services some have been as honorable as others have been base? It is not a little extraordinary that in every other country of Europe, science and literature, as well as military merit, are rewarded by honorary distinctions, though the greater part of those states are *military*; yet in England, which is avowedly *not a military country*, civil merit has never been so distinguished."

From the Polytechnic Review.

ON CAPTAIN WARNER'S EXPERIMENT AT BRIGHTON, AND ON EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS AS APPLICABLE TO WARFARE.

The experiment performed by Captain Warner, of Brighton, has called great attention to the explosive compounds; immediately after the experiment, we are informed, no less than sixty applications were made in the different boards, by individuals professing to be in possession of some equally destructive engine. Not one of these gentlemen, probably, was in the slightest degree acquainted with that branch of chemical decomposition, on which the power of the invention must depend; and from the speech of Sir Robert Peel, it is very clear, that Capt. Warner is not himself

very much advanced. Of the power of projecting to such an enormous distance as Capt. Warner speaks, we look upon it as a physical impossibility. As to explosive compounds, we do not think he has shown that he knows more than what others do, and he has as yet done nothing which has not before been effected by others.

The proportions of nitre, charcoal, and sulphur in gunpowder may have been altered, but still the ingredients are the same; the powder used at the battle of Cressy, in all probability, was but a rough specimen of the last shots fired at Tangier. If a powder were invented sixty times the strength of gunpowder as now manufactured, its introduction, save as a matter of economy, would be doubtful. Ten pounds of gunpowder will throw a ball three miles; six thousand tons would not throw it one yard further, nor would the most dangerous chemical compounds project it one half so far, however unlimited the quantity used might be.

At an enormous expense, the French government constructed an immense bomb, which at the siege of Antwerp threw a shell weighing 1600 cwt., holding 1 cwt. of gunpowder, but the opinions of the first chemists were against its utility. It was urged, before its manufacture, that no weight of metal could stand the strain of the powder required to project so immense a weight, and the result proved the correctness of these views: at the eighth shot it cracked. Last year, some experiments were made at Deal, on large guns; several burst, and, notwithstanding every precaution, three artillerymen were killed. Still later, an immense gun was manufactured in the United States: the first shot went well; at the second, though the gun had just come from the proof, it burst, the fragments killing several members of the congress near it; and the opinion of chemists is now nearly adopted by the authorities, that beyond 68 lbs. any ball is dangerous. With the detonating compounds, which the inventors bring forward, power would be even lost; their explosion is instantaneous, and their effect is seen more upon the gun than on the missile. By the substitution of chlorate of potash for nitre, a terrific compound is formed: every soul perished at the first manufactory it was attempted in; sufficient, however, was afterwards made for trial, 8lbs. were fired in a gun, the ball was projected 600 yards, (with gunpowder it would have gone 1200,) and the gun was rent to pieces. It was suggested that shells might be advantageously charged with it, the power being very greatly increased, but when the proposer, an eminent chemist, after proving experimentally the increased destructive effect, pointed out the spontaneous ignition, and the dangers of the manufacture, the officers, to whom it was referred, expressed their surprise that anything so clearly impracticable should have been presented by a chemist.

There is another explosive compound, the chloride of nitrogen, made by inverting a jar of chlorine gas into a strong solution of muriate of ammonia, at 100° Fahrenheit; the chlorine is absorbed, and an oily liquid collects at the bottom; this from experiments would appear to be 400 times the strength of gunpowder; but even if that extreme facility of decomposition, which nearly deprived its discoverer, Sir H. Davy, of his eye, and which the recent accident to Professor Ryan proves we have as yet no means of guarding against,—if even that could be overcome, the ball would not be pro-

jected one yard further. If additional power could do it, we have an unlimited supply in gunpowder. The fulminates are clearly useless; their explosive action, like that of the chlorate gunpowder, would tend but to shatter the gun; and as Capt. Warner's experiments are so expensive, it is probably on one of them he has been engaged.

Had Capt. Warner been acquainted with these facts, he would not probably have continued to assert that he had discovered any such powerful engine of destruction. The philanthropist might shudder at the idea that, armed with such means, a man could at the dead of night destroy a city, with its thousands or millions of unsuspecting inhabitants; but chemistry knows no such power, nor have the researches of our professors at all pointed out, that such could exist! Lord Ingestrie, who brought forward Capt. Warner's invention, and in distinct terms pledged himself to its value, was on a former occasion sufficiently inconsiderate to give a certificate to John St. John Long, that he had seen him extract pure mercury from the living, but probably brainless, skull of one of his patients; and our readers may remember an inventor calling himself the Duke of Normandy, who claimed the possession of a power which annihilated all space. By some chance, his experiments were tried at Woolwich, and not one succeeded; his income was limited, but still, though ruin stared him in the face, this inventor went on in his wild search for this power. Mr. Fulton, during the time of Pitt, devised a plan to destroy vessels at sea, and so plausible appeared his invention, that government at a great expense tried it. He succeeded when experimentalizing before the officers of his own nation, but though the idea of a submarine boat, and the exploding case of gunpowder to fire by watchwork, would appear practicable, in every instance before the enemy he failed; the great difficulty being to get unperceived to the vessel, as the sailors would of course be obliged to come occasionally to the surface to see if they were on the right track.

The debate in the House of Commons divested the experiment at Brighton of the slightest interest: the vessel was dragged on to the shell as it floated down the tow lines; and it would have been equally as easy, and quite as satisfactory, had he blown her up with a fusee attached to a barrel of powder. But on one point we must congratulate Capt. Warner: his powerful interest has thrust him upon the government, which is generally extremely summary in rejecting adventurers; he is forced upon them. Out of 100 things which are monthly suggested, 90 are clearly impracticable, and of the other 10, eight have been probably before tried and failed; and how can the remaining two be expected to receive a fair consideration? It is found that, in criminal cases, three or four successive verdicts of guilty render the next prisoner's chance of escape but small, and 98 inventors being humbugs, the other two are too often classed with them. We remember a case where an invention of great importance was submitted to the admiralty. After an inspection of the drawings, the inventor retired to an adjoining room, and must, we believe, plead guilty to the overhearing of the private conversation between one of their lordships and his secretary. "This," said the zealous servant of the public, "is likely to be a troublesome fellow: you must get rid of him quietly, or he will bother us dreadfully." The secretary appeared before the expectant, full of assurances of the con-

sideration his invention should receive, complimenting him upon his ingenuity, and gracefully bowing him to the door, with a promise that he should soon hear from him: the inventor did in this case hear, but it was five years after, and his invention had in the mean time been adopted in the merchant vessels. The fear of being anticipated preventing the speculator from consultation with those, who could have instructed him upon the probable absurdity of the plan he proposes, he submits his drawings; as a matter of course they are civilly declined; and he indignantly publishes his neglect. Other inventors sympathize with him, and the scientific man, who is really wronged, shrinks back in silence, almost fearing lest, surrounded and mixed up with these unthinking fools, he may have even imbibed their wild ideas; hence improvements emanate but from officers.

The records of the select committee are full of inventions, scarcely one of which required even a trial to prove its inapplicability. We remember one submitted by an extremely clever gun-maker; it was a musket, in which the fire communicated to several cartridges; a soldier could thus, with once pulling the trigger, fire seven times without reloading or even removing the gun from his aim; a hundred soldiers could thus deal destruction upon an advancing column. The theory appears good, but apply even for a moment the chances of actual warfare: by case or canister-shot, twenty of these, after the first shot, fall dead or wounded; their guns fall from their hands, discharging their contents amidst their own ranks, each man as he fails adding to the confusion. "You must," said the good-natured inventor, "issue a standing order that each soldier, when dying, should stick his musket into the ground." A hundred more such instances could be adduced.

The working of the present system is to confine all improvements to officers, for they have alone the opportunity of trying them. In the percussion shells, a missile to which the authorities directed considerable attention, this was particularly marked. Lord Vivian requested every scientific person whom he met, to invent a shell which should explode on striking, requiring for this purpose no fuse, a constant source of annoyance and failure, and offering every facility for trial the Board of Ordnance could give. A host of adventurers came forward; the wildest theories were tried. The soi-distant Duke of Normandy stood conspicuous; with a box, about four feet square, he offered to blow down a mound, 1,300 feet long and 200 broad, into which a cannon-ball could not enter three feet. He could explode the box at a given moment; the time passed; the soldiers fired it with a fusee, and instead of displacing the mound, the earth around was barely displaced. He had invented a musket-ball which set fire on striking, and he came provided with a figure filled with combustibles; shot after shot was fired into it, but with no effect. The duke advanced with a cigar, but the figure appeared incombustible; by means, however, of some straw, it was at last fired, and a discharge of squibs and two small rockets followed. But, as if to crown his misfortunes, he had invented a percussion shell; it exploded at the mouth of the gun. It was evident during the loading that it could by no possibility succeed.

Sir George Murray came into office, and the facilities for trials were at once closed. Finding themselves classed with ignorant adventurers,

most of the scientific persons had before withdrawn. Should it for a moment be now urged, that some latitude should be allowed for the trial of experiments, which, requiring guns and trained men, could be tried by government at an expense so trifling as to be undeserving of notice, but by an individual who would require to purchase all that government have, at one of a ruinous nature, this result is appealed to. We did, says Sir George Murray, and see how it acted; failure succeeded failure; every fool seized this opportunity of obtaining notoriety, and of course all failed; and if any of those who at the solicitation of Lord Vivian had engaged in these dangerous experiments, and whose shells having in some instances succeeded, had showed, that by perseverance, without which success, save by accident, is never obtained, they could probably have succeeded; they are classed with these adventurers, their applications are refused, complain for a moment of the injustice, urge the absence of a trial, adduce the authority of chemists, that the failure after success would not involve the principle, which before being given up would require several more trials, for which the men, gun and grounds, if not ammunition, might be at least spared. "Give but this trial," and immediately a host of Normandys spring up yelling, "we also have not had a trial," and amidst their yells the voice of truth is stifled. It is an evil against which we have no cure.

A letter was lately published in the Times by some one, offering to destroy a barge for 110l., to which he required a tow-line to be attached; conversation with a sensible person would have shown him that he could no more expect an enemy to allow him to attach a line than to introduce a fusee in their powder magazine, and if with a chemist, his means of destroying the vessel would have probably equally proved inapplicable. The chloride of nitrogen is the compound which the friends of these adventurers point out as likely to have been by them rendered manageable. On the grounds that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," we really believe that this compound is by some really considered applicable; to them this extract from the letter of Sir H. Davy, its discoverer, while engaged in experiments, most carefully conducted, may prove a warning. If in the hands of this great chemist it was unmanageable, if more lately another chemist had his arm fractured, what fate could one unskilled in manipulation expect? "I attempted," says Sir H. Davy, "to collect the products of the explosion of the new substance by applying the heat of a spirit lamp to a globe of it confined in a curved glass tube over water: a little gas was at first extricated, but long before the water had attained the temperature of ebullition, a violent flash of light was perceived, with a sharp report. The tube and glass were broken into small fragments, and I received a severe wound in the transparent cornea of the eye, which has produced a considerable inflammation of the eye, and obliges me to make this communication by an amanuensis. This experiment proves what extreme caution is necessary in operating on this substance, for the quantity I used was scarcely as large as a grain of mustard seed." But, as we have before explained, for any purpose of projecting, these compounds are useless; they would in every case destroy the gun, besides throwing the ball but a short distance.

When Captain Warner speaks of his six-mile

range, for which he required but a two-pounder, he states a physical impossibility in the present state of chemical science; and Captain Warner is certainly not one in whom any reasonable hope could be indulged, that by his knowledge any advance will be made. By the use of the fulminates, nothing would be gained, for with compounds so loosely held together, there appears no certainty; they are all liable to spontaneous decomposition. The fulminate of mercury was considered safe while mixed with spirit of wine, yet while in this state it exploded, and Mr. Hennell, of the Apothecaries' Hall, was destroyed by it. Mr. Eley, the inventor of the wire cartridges, who had repeatedly mixed his fulminate of mercury, perished from the explosion of a pound of this highly dangerous composition. A French vessel, fitted, during the French war, with some new detonating compounds, was never heard of after it sailed from Toulon. The large gun made for Mehemet Ali, requiring a charge of 40 lbs., and throwing a ball of 480 lbs., is considered too dangerous to use. Rockets of 100 lbs. are not found to move one yard. There appears to be a limit to destructive powers, and we have reason to thank Heaven it is so. The service may be improved, rockets may eventually be made to go straight, shells may be made percussioned, and a greater precision given to cannon firing. It is possible, by the introduction of the patent principle of Mr. Harding's new gun, which has given so great an increase to the power of sporting guns, we may improve that of the cannon; but these, if effected, would be but a slight step to realizing the theories of Warner or of Normandy. The evil they cause, and that is a serious though unavoidable one, is that scientific characters are debarred from the ground these enthusiasts claim as their own. Every application for experiment is now refused at Woolwich, because ninety-eight out of a hundred applicants prove to be ignorant adventurers.

Since writing the above, Captain Warner has addressed a letter offering to destroy a vessel at five miles, if guaranteed 300,000l. by the government. We think the offer might be safely accepted. We firmly believe it to be beyond the range of possibility. The gentleman who amused us last year with a promise of navigating the air, was quite as loud and quite as bold in his assertions as is Capt. Warner.

The *Morning Herald* quotes this passage from a provincial paper, not named, but described as likely to be well-informed with regard to Whig tactics—

"It will be recollected that we announced some time back, on *high authority*, the difference of opinion among the judges, and also that the *majority* of the *tribunal of final appeal* held an opinion favorable to the traversers. We revert to this, not for the purpose of vain boasting, but to obtain confidence for the announcement which, upon the same authority, we are now enabled to make. *It has been resolved to form a union of Liberal parties, for the purpose of driving the present ministers from power; and it is intended to propose that one of the bases of agreement shall be a Federal Parliament for Ireland.* We have every reason to rely on the source from which we derive our information; and we recommend the constituencies of the kingdom to be prepared soon to declare what policy is to be adopted in the present critical circumstances of the state."

The Septuagint Version in English. Translated by Sir LANCELOT C. L. BRENTON, Bart. Bagster.

Dr. WALL was the first who directed the attention of biblical students to the important fact, that most of the discrepancies between the Septuagint version and the existing Hebrew texts, have arisen from the efforts of the Rabbins to introduce a system of vocalization into their language, the want of which was of course felt when Hebrew ceased to be generally spoken. According to this theory, Hellenistic influence may be traced not merely in the Greek translation of the Bible, but even in the Hebrew text itself, as it is now preserved by the Jews; and the pointed Hebrew Bible must be regarded as a translation, not as an original record. The Septuagint and the pointed Hebrew are thus placed on the same level as rival versions. Dr. Wall's theory goes farther, for it impugns the originality of even the unpointed text, for the attempt to vocalize it by the introduction of the letters *Ahevi* must, from the nature of the Hebrew language, have led to many perversions of the sense. It has been announced that Dr. Wall's work, minutely examining the internal evidence in support of this theory, will be published in the course of the present year. Sir Lancelot Brenton's translation suggests some historical inquiries which may throw light on the external aspect of the question, and we shall very briefly state the outlines of these investigations.

The great question to be decided, is the extent to which Hellenization was carried in central and western Asia under the Macedonian empire of Alexander and his successors. Egypt under the Ptolemies is the portion of that empire of which we have the most perfect account, and there can be little doubt that the language and literature of that kingdom became perfectly Greek. There is evidence that the Seleucidæ endeavored to bring about the same change in their Syrian kingdom: and though they were not equally successful, we find, from the New Testament, that Greek was the common spoken language in Palestine itself; so that when Christ on the cross made an exclamation in Syrian, (*Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani*), the bystanders did not understand his words, (they said, "He calleth for Elias.") It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that St. Paul on one occasion addressed a Jewish mob in the Hebrew tongue, and far the greater part, if not the whole, of the New Testament was written in Greek. To this may be added, that the quotations made from the Old Testament in the New, are taken from the Septuagint or some other Greek version, but not in any demonstrable case from the original Hebrew. It is not necessary to extend this inquiry farther, else it would be easy to show that the Jews who settled in Alexandria exercised a very decided influence over their brethren in Palestine, and that this influence increased the tendency to Hellenism, which it was the policy of the Macedonian rulers to establish.

Nothing but a very minute and critical examination of the internal evidence would justify a decision in favor of the present Hebrew text or of the Septuagint in the passages where they differ, and Sir Lancelot Brenton has done good service to the cause of biblical criticism, by rendering the Septuagint accessible to general readers, for until public attention is directed to the issue, scholars are not likely to undertake the labors necessary to lead to a right decision.—*Athenæum*.

In consequence of the failure of the harvest in Poland, from the inundations of the Vistula, the Emperor Nicholas has interdicted the exportation of corn from that country.

We read in a letter from Trieste of the 5th: "The Prince de Metternich has given an audience to all the foreign consuls. The French and English ambassadors to the court of Austria have arrived, and it is generally reported that a conference will be held on the affairs of Italy. The Emperor and Empress of Austria have just arrived."

PASSAGE OF THE INDIAN MAIL THROUGH FRANCE. —The *Sud* of Marseilles, of September 5, states:—The following is an example of the rapidity with which the French carriage which conveys the English and French despatches from Calais to Marseilles now performs the journey. The Indian mail which left London on the 7th of August, arrived at Calais at 2½ minutes past eight on the morning of the 8th. Having left that town at ten minutes past nine o'clock, it arrived at Paris at thirty minutes past one in the morning. Having left Paris at forty minutes past two o'clock, it arrived at Marseilles on the 11th August, at thirty minutes past four in the morning, having accomplished the distance from Calais to Marseilles within the space of sixty-seven hours twenty minutes. The carriage contained fifty iron chests of a foot square, in which were enclosed the English despatches, and sixteen wooden cases of various dimensions, containing the French despatches. The moment they arrived at Marseilles they were conveyed on board an English steamboat, and in half an hour afterwards they were on their way to Malta, where a boat belonging to the Oriental Company was waiting to receive them. From Alexandria they proceed to Suez, and thence across the Desert to India. Less than five weeks sufficed to effect the passage from London to Bombay.

SCHOOLS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The *Missionary Herald* for June contains a brief report of a speech made by Commodore Jones of the United States navy, to a great meeting of the natives of the Sandwich Islands. He complimented them on the system of education among them, and stated the following remarkable fact, highly creditable both to them and the American missionaries, under whose auspices so much good has been accomplished:—"At Monterey de California there are several English and Americans intermarried with descendants of the old Spaniards, and they have children growing up around them. On my inquiring as to their schools and means of education, judge of my surprise when the answer was, 'Oh, we have to send them to the Sandwich Islands to be educated; there they have good schools, here we have none.'"

IOWAY INDIANS IN LONDON.—In consequence of the great success that attended the exhibition of the Ioway Indians, at Lord's cricket-ground, it has been resolved to give a series of pictures of Indian life still more attractive at Vauxhall Gardens. The chiefs will appear on horseback, and, from the extent of the grounds, they will be enabled to afford vivid *tableaux* of hunting, fighting, shooting, and all the other pursuits of the native prairie.

The excellent accounts of the harvest continue: even in Scotland it is well over.

From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S SETTLERS IN CANADA.

In 1794, a gentleman of the name of Campbell, who had suddenly been deprived of a large fortune, resolved to emigrate to Canada. Thither he accordingly went with his family; consisting of Mrs. Campbell, four sons of various ages, and two orphan nieces whom he had adopted. The best land around Quebec and Montreal being disposed of, Mr. Campbell determined to settle in a district then unoccupied; and, having interest, he procured a favorable grant on Lake Ontario. *The Settlers in Canada* narrates the exploits of this family in establishing themselves on their "location," and the different adventures of some of its members, arising from the unsettled state of the country and the hostility of roving Indians.

To readers familiar with colonial publications and American fictions there will be little of substantial novelty in these volumes. The labors and economy of a new settler—the manner in which the wilderness is roughly reclaimed—the rapid progress from something like nothing to competence and wealth—with the natural features of the country, and the field-sports of the back-woods—have already been often described both in fiction and matter-of-fact. The risk of the out-settler from the accidental firing of the woods, the peril from Indian attack, and the distress from Indian abduction, have also been painted, and form indeed part of the common stock of American border-tales. Written for "young people," and with the didactic purpose of presenting them with a living idea of the natural peculiarities of Canada and the employments and drawbacks of a settler's career, Captain Marryat's little novel is subdued in tone, giving to everything a more actual air. But what is gained in matter-of-fact is perhaps lost in vividness of outline and brilliancy of touch; whilst the minute particulars of domestic life and conversation, though real, have but a sort of jog-trot reality. At the same time, this may be rather a merit than a fault with the class of readers to which the work is chiefly addressed,—to whom everything beyond their own experience is new, and who like everything "explained." Great ingenuity is frequently shown in the manner in which information is presented, so as to vivify common knowledge by the images that are used to present it. The following are instances of what we mean.

CANADIAN WINTER WONDERS.

My young readers will be surprised to hear, that when the winter sets in at Quebec, all the animals required for the winter's consumption are at once killed. If the troops are numerous, perhaps three or four hundred bullocks are slaughtered and hung up. Every family kill their cattle, their sheep, pigs, turkeys, fowls, &c.; and all are put up in the garrets; where the carcases immediately freeze hard, and remain quite good and sweet during the six or seven months of severe winter which occur in that climate. When any portion of meat is to

be cooked, it is gradually thawed in lukewarm water, and after that is put to the fire. If put at once to the fire in its frozen state, it spoils. There is another strange circumstance which occurs in these cold latitudes: a small fish, called the snow-fish, is caught during the winter by making holes in the thick ice; and these fish coming to the holes in thousands to breathe, are thrown out with hand-nets upon the ice, where they become in a few minutes frozen quite hard, so that, if you wish it, you may break them in half like a rotten stick. The cattle are fed upon these fish during the winter months. But it has been proved—which is very strange—that if, after they have been frozen for twenty-four hours or more, you put these fish into water and gradually thaw them as you do the meat, they will recover and swim about again as well as ever.

TIMBER RAFTS.

"But what is that?" said Mary Percival, "at the point? is it a village—one, two, three houses—just opening upon us?"

"That is a raft, Miss Percival, which is coming down the river," replied Captain Sinclair. "You will see, when we are nearer to it, that perhaps it covers two acres of water; and there are three tiers of timber on it. These rafts are worth many thousand pounds. They are first framed with logs, fastened by wooden tree-nails, and the timber placed within the frame. There are, perhaps, from forty to a hundred people on this raft to guide it down the stream; and the houses you see are built on it for the accommodation of these people. I have seen as many as fifteen houses upon a raft, which will sometimes contain the cargoes of thirty or forty large ships."

"It is very wonderful how they guide and direct it down the stream," said Mr. Campbell.

"It is very dexterous; and it seems strange that such an enormous mass can be so guided; but it is done, as you will perceive: there are three or four rudders made of long sweeps, and, as you may observe, several sweeps on each side."

All the party were now standing up in the stern-sheets of the *bateau* to look at the people on the raft; who amounted to about fifty or sixty men—now running over the top to one side, and dragging at the sweeps, which required the joint power of seven or eight men to each of them—now passing again over to the opposite sweeps, as directed by the steersmen. The *bateau* kept well in to the shore, out of the way, and the raft passed them very quickly. As soon as it was clear of the point, as their course to Quebec was now straight, and there was a slight breeze down the river, the people on board of the raft hoisted ten or fifteen sails upon different masts, to assist them in their descent; and this again excited the admiration of the party.

The Settlers in Canada has the defect common to most didactic fictions—the actors are too well rewarded, or rather, their good fortune is greater than the experience of life warrants; and a false notion of things is consequently impressed upon ductile minds. It is natural enough that a reduced gentleman should make friends with the governor and get a good grant of land—such things were common enough in the olden time to less deserving settlers than the Campbell family: but grants

have now ceased altogether. It is not very unnatural that the commandant of the fort near their location should assist them in various ways: but he pushes his assistance too far, and creates a profit for Mr. Campbell by no means essential to the progress of the story. Nay, not content with making everything Mr. Campbell touches "turn to gold," the author restores him to his fortune at the end of the book, in as unexpected a manner as he lost it. Had all this been "necessary," it would have been "defensible." A peculiar mode of life allows of events and incidents peculiar to itself. The persons of a fiction in rare difficulties, as in *Masterman Ready* or *Robinson Crusoe*, are to be extricated by rare good fortune,—which is in fact the way they are really extricated; but where the object is to convey a picture of a more regular kind of life, and to blend instruction with amusement, the closer the fair expectations of life are adhered to, the better will be the book, and, we believe, the greater the "effects" upon the reader.

CAPTAIN CUNYNGHAME'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE.

CAPTAIN CUNYNGHAME sailed as aide-de-camp to Lord Saltoun, with the additional forces sent from England against the Chinese at the latter end of 1841. After a voyage of more than seven months, in which the vessel touched at Rio Janeiro, the Cape of Good Hope, Java, and Singapore, the reinforcements arrived at the Yellow River in time to allow the aide-de-camp to assist in the closing operations which compelled the emperor to grant our demands. When the little fighting and long talks were over, and the first instalment of the money paid, which Sir Henry Pottinger received as proofs of sincerity, Captain Cunyngame, in company with the Admiral and Lord Saltoun, visited the Spanish possessions of Manilla; where they were fêted in no ordinary degree, and made various excursions through the island. Leaving the hospitable Spaniards, they reached Calcutta; whence Captain Cunyngame came home by steam, of course *via* Egypt.

In regard to the war itself no novelty was to be expected, nor does Captain Cunyngame aim at furnishing any; which, considering his limited opportunities of observing it, is judicious. He merely professes to record what fell within his own observation, and struck him as worthy of noting from the impression it made upon his own mind. This unambitious plan, however, has enabled him to present additional traits of the results of war; which indicate its hardening process, the manner in which it tends to destroy all delicate principle, and the oppression that will be exercised, and the miseries that must be inflicted upon the peaceful inhabitants, let the attentions of the belligerents and the orders of the superior officers be what they may. Captain Cunyngame, too, we think, brings a different description of mind to observe the Chi-

nese compared with even the best of his predecessors. He has not the varied accomplishments or acquirements of Captain Loch; at least he does not display them. Neither has he the engineering and military science by which Lieutenant Ouchterlony was enabled to impart precision, and something like principles, to his descriptions of war. But the aide-de-camp possesses a more economical or cultivator's eye to examine the country, and a somewhat higher tone of opinion to consider the results of war upon non-belligerents, though without at all considering them too curiously. China, or its war, however, is by no means the sole subject of *An Aide-de-camp's Recollections*. The Philippine Islands have been so rarely visited, especially by a voyager with Captain Cunyngame's opportunities, that the ground is almost new; and the social and other sketches at Manilla have some of the freshness possessed by a fresh subject, in the hospitality of every one, the liberal virtues of the rather lax padres, the governor and other friends of Espartero anxious for their places, (now, alas! gone,) and the natural wonders of the country.

But the attraction of the volumes mainly consists in the individual character of the writer; which enables him to impart an interest to common things, and to vary his pages by anecdotes and stories, that differently told would be flat or forced. As he appears in his book, he is what is called a "pleasant companion." The aide-de-camp has the straightforward frankness of a soldier, and the allowance for habits different from our own, which the "here and everywhere" nature of military service inspires, together with touches of the "good-fellow" spirit, and the lively manner that accompanies these qualities. They are all tempered, however, in the case of Captain Cunyngame, by a gentlemanly feeling, which prevents any display of the free-and-easy style that taints many naval and military writers. He has also, as we have intimated, a more thoughtful and considerate mode of viewing professional doings, which in itself argues some native independence of mind, or study and reflection enough to emancipate one from the influence of daily habit.

It will be seen, from the account of the *Recollections*, that they embrace a sailing-voyage to and a steam-voyage from the East, a visit to the Indian Archipelago, with notices of China and Manilla. Each of these sections has its points, but we shall limit our extracts to China and Manilla. The following, if not the only, is the best description we have met with of a

CHINESE JUNK.

This huge box (I cannot bring myself to call it by any other name) was far the most extraordinary thing of the kind I had ever seen. Although, after being constantly accustomed to seeing them, the novelty soon wears off, yet the first impression cannot fail to be that of wonder how any people could dream of navigating the trackless ocean in this huge coffin. She must have far exceeded 500

tons' burthen, according to a rough calculation which by eyesight alone we made of her. The upper part of her poop was at least as high as that of a seventy-four, with curious staircases and passages communicating to the different portions of the ship, more after the fashion of a house; her mast was a magnificent spar, eleven feet in circumference, and of a prodigious height; her cables composed of coir, made from the outer covering of the cocoa-nut, for durability and lightness unequalled; and her wooden anchors, although primitive in their construction, would, I doubt not, have answered perfectly well in any but a rocky bottom, which is scarcely ever to be met with on the coasts or harbors they are accustomed to anchor in. Her sides were painted with a rude imitation of ports; and, what with her numberless flags and streamers, her huge unwieldy mat-sails, her gigantic rudder and antediluvian-looking crew, she presented a novel and striking sight; but certainly she could in no way merit the term of "walking the waters like a thing of life."

CHINESE CULTIVATION AND IMPLEMENTS.

We passed the batteries which had so recently been the scene of such dreadful slaughter, and, stemming a strong current, proceeded rapidly up the river. The country through which it wound its way was a perfect flat as far as the eye could reach, and in as high a state of cultivation as the market-gardens around London; small farm-houses stood in every direction, neatly encircled with flower-gardens, the whole presenting a perfect picture of wealth, fertility, industry, and comfort: and when we were informed—a circumstance we had every reason to believe perfectly true—that the same state of things existed not only throughout the whole of this but of all the neighboring provinces, any one of which, as regards extent, would make a handsome kingdom for an European potentate, some slight idea may be formed of the endless internal agricultural wealth of the Chinese empire, and the little concern the emperor of this mighty country has been accustomed to bestow on foreign nations, their commerce, trade, or anything else concerning them. Numerous implements of agriculture, which we supposed to be only known to the most scientific and highly-instructed European nations, were discovered in great numbers, and in constant use among them, from the plough and common harrow to the winnow and thrashing-machine, with which scarcely any farm-house, however small, was unprovided. Added to which, for the purpose of irrigation, scarcely any considerable field that did not possess its chain-pump, for the purpose of irrigating their crops by drawing water from the lower levels, with comparatively small labor to themselves; from which models I have not the least doubt those at present in use in our navy or merchantmen were taken.

LEVYING BLACK MAIL.

Great lenity was invariably shown towards the inhabitants of the different towns which we occupied; strict orders being given by the heads of departments, not to molest or interfere with the people in any way, and by no means to despoil them of anything they had in their possession. Some of the soldiers were, however, far better financiers than their chiefs imagined; and being placed as sentries at the different gates of the towns, politely requested—and, it is needless to

add, were seldom refused—a sum of money from every Chinese who passed through. In times of alarm, this species of black mail amounted to a considerable sum, it being almost impossible, when discovered, to make the people themselves understand that this tax was not levied by authority. Upon one occasion, an officer of very high rank was stepping through the gate as this impost was being levied, and in the hurry and confusion of presenting arms, the sentry let his whole bag fall to the ground. An inquiry was immediately made into the circumstance; and, upon examination of his purse, it was discovered that, although the man had only been at this post half-an-hour, no less a sum than forty dollars was found in it: clearly showing what a good harvest he had reaped from the financial speculation which he had undertaken.

THE PUZZLE OF TRUTH.

Truth is by no means so highly looked up to on this side of the globe as it is on the other. For instance, when it was reported to the emperor that her Britannic Majesty's plenipotentiary had publicly stated his intention of proceeding to the north with the army, his Imperial Majesty set it down as positively certain that we were all about to decamp home; remarking, sagely enough as he thought, that the very act of our making no secret of our intention of proceeding to the north, was a sure sign we intended to take the opposite course.

The civilized adornment of the wig has often created surprise and alarm among the unenlightened; but the following is about the best story of the kind, from the professional character of the artist, and his certainty of the previous condition of the head.

THE MIRACLE OF THE WIG.

In some instances they looked upon us as gods, in some as devils, in all as a very extraordinary race. As an instance of this, I will here relate a most absurd story which was told to me by an officer at Nankin, and which will go far to show the fear with which we were looked upon by this superstitious race. After my friend had visited the Porcelain Tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and, by way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. This gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket: this operation of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and quickly executed, the barber seeming to be delighted with the honor of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of this simple process: no sooner, however, had the barber turned round and observed him, whom he had so lately cleared of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared his counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cried out, that he was visited by the devil. No entreaties could induce him to return, until every Fanqui had left the neighborhood: so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods or demons in the Bhuddist calendar.

him. Sir Robert Peel was applied to; and his contribution was munificent, and gracefully offered: "Considering Manchester to be the metropolis of a district to the industry of which I and my family are under very deep obligations," is the premier's proem, and the conclusion is "set me down for a thousand pounds." Lord Francis Egerton, on subscribing the same amount, observed that he "was in arrears to the inhabitants of the town, and was only paying an instalment." This manner of giving doubles the value of the gift. Lord Francis Egerton and Sir Robert Peel, in recognizing what they owe to the industry of Manchester, have spoken the simple truth; but to remember it and utter it at the right moment, shows the wise liberal spirit—the high mind, that gratifies those they are assisting even more by recognizing their claims than by the assistance actually given. The admission that the park to be purchased and laid out for the use of Manchester by those and other subscriptions is their just right, no eleemosynary grant, will immeasurably increase the gratification of the people in using it, and correspondingly their kindly feelings towards the subscribers. It is by words and deeds like these that society is cemented. Words and deeds like these are in the Christian society the substitute for the religious rites with which the classical nations would have inaugurated such a field. The work in Manchester is begun in a right spirit—*quod felix faustumque sit.*—*Spectator.*

From the Examiner.

Eöthen, or Traces of Travel brought Home from the East. Ollivier.

THIS book, with a bad title, is wonderfully clever. Weary with Eastern travel, we read it with a lively interest from the first page to the last. There is a great deal that we object to in it. It is not a wise book, nor a learned; indeed the writer tells us at starting that he means to be superficial. It contains much that is hasty, flippant, and ill-digested; and it contains nothing that is useful, scientific, moral, political, statistical, or geographical. But it has a rarer quality. It is *real*. The writer tells you what he actually saw and felt.

Doctor Johnson said that the great value of distant travel was, that it took you out of yourself; removed you from the present, and gave you dignity and elevation. Certainly *Eöthen* does not do this; something rather the reverse, indeed. There is more of the Rousseau than the Doctor Johnson in it. We do not mean that the author has the moral code of him of Geneva, and thinks what he feels to be right is right, and what he feels to be wrong is wrong; but that his book is made up of his own impressions, how short soever they have fallen of what the actual fact may be. Chateaubriand wrote a volume about Carthage after a day's visit. The author of *Eöthen* could accomplish no feat of that kind.

His first experience of the East was at Belgrade; whence, with the ordinary routine of Eastern travel, he rode to Constantinople. Then he went over the Troad, expressing beliefs as confidently as if a Clarke, a Pococke, a Chandler, a Chevalier,

or a Jacob Bryant had never lived to agitate a learned world. In passing, let us say of these discussions that they never enough admit that principle of poetic truth—of truth to general nature—which embraces and harmonizes so many minor details. Afterwards, by the route of Adramiti and Pergamo, our traveller reached Smyrna, whence he sailed in a brigantine for the coast of Syria, and had the rough but romantic experience of a forty days' winter cruise with Greek sailors, who seem to retain, in the charming and novel picture he presents of them, much of the childlike adventure, humor, and fear, which chequered the ten years' voyage of Ulysses. The story-telling propensities of these lively mariners even suggested to our not less lively author a Greek origin for the *Arabian Nights*. But this is a little hard on the East, and we suspect has no foundation. We never heard of such a notion in all the learning wasted on the subject. Indian, Sanscrit, Persian, Syrian, and Arabian claimants there have been; but never a Greek. If he has the least pretension of any kind, it can only be as the fragment of an atomic theory. But we hold that Mr. Lane has lately established the Arabian origin of these wonderful compositions.

Before we say more of the ramblings, let us give an example of the writer's manner. Here are touches common to all the East.

"The Moslem quarter of a city is lonely and desolate; you go up and down, and on over shelving and hillocky paths through the narrow lanes walled in by blank, windowless dwellings; you come out upon an open space strewn with the black ruins that some late fire has left; you pass by a mountain of cast-away things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big, wolf-like dogs, lying torpid under the sun, with limbs outstretched to the full, as if they were dead; storks, or cranes, sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron, and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun, or (as you approach the bazaar) with the dry, dead perfume of strange spices. You long for some signs of life, and tread the ground more heavily, as though you would wake the sleepers with the heel of your boot; but the foot falls noiselessly upon the crumbling soil of an eastern city, and silence follows you still. Again and again you meet turbans, and faces of men, but they have nothing for you—no welcome—no wonder—no wrath—no scorn—they look upon you as we do upon a December's fall of snow—as a 'seasonable,' unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, that may have been sent for some good purpose, to be revealed hereafter."

And so, out of this filth and squalor; perhaps lifeless indifference; perhaps crowded, pushing, jostling rascality; there rise the mosques and domes and minarets which alone connect present and past. We discover in such a book as *Eöthen* the marvellous deadness and degeneracy of the East. Fine romantic-looking fellows anxious to cheat you. Dignified figures bent upon plunder-

ing you, in Allah's name and with the assistance of his prophet. All the form and none of the realities of the old time. Vulgar, smoking, drinking pachas, with neither the sense of justice nor of decency. Plenty of names to remind you of your loved *Arabian Nights*; caliphs, cadis, muftees, sheiks, slaves, and eunuchs; but never such a thing as an Haroun Al Raschid.

Yet our author is not without his good word for them, now and then, and ingeniously accounts for one form of the rascality of a Turkish tradesman. The passage is altogether extremely felicitous.

"The Osmanlees speak well. In countries civilized according to the European plan, the work of trying to persuade tribunals is almost all performed by a set of men, the great body of whom very seldom do anything else; but in Turkey, this division of labor has never taken place, and every man is his own advocate. The importance of the rhetorical art is immense, for a bad speech may endanger the property of the speaker, as well as the soles of his feet, and the free enjoyment of his throat. So it results that most of the Turks whom one sees, have a lawyer-like habit of speaking connectedly, and at length. The treaties continually going on in the bazaar for the buying and selling of the merest trifles, are carried on by speechifying, rather than by mere colloquies, and the eternal uncertainty as to the market value of things in constant sale, gives room for endless discussion. The seller is forever demanding a price immensely beyond that for which he sells at last, and so occasions unspeakable disgust to many Englishmen, who cannot see why an honest dealer should ask more for his goods than he will really take:—the truth is, however, that an ordinary tradesman of Constantinople has no other way of finding out the fair market value of his property. The difficulty under which he labors is easily shown by comparing the mechanism of the commercial system in Turkey with that of our own country. In England, or in any other great mercantile country, the bulk of the things which are bought and sold, goes through the hands of a wholesale dealer, and it is he who higgles, and bargains with an entire nation of purchasers, by entering into treaty with retail sellers. The labor of making a few large contracts is sufficient to give a clue for finding the fair market value of the things sold throughout the country; but in Turkey, from the primitive habits of the people, and partly from the absence of great capital, and great credit, the importing merchant, the warehouseman, the wholesale dealer, the retail dealer, and the shopman are all one person. Old Moostapha, or Abdallah, or Hagdi Mohamed, waddles up from the water's edge with a small packet of merchandize, which he has bought out of a Greek brigantine, and when at last he has reached his nook in the bazaar, he puts his goods *before* the counter, and himself *upon* it—then laying fire to his *tehibouque* he 'sits in permanence,' and patiently waits to obtain 'the best price that can be got in an open market.' This is his fair right as a seller, but he has no means of finding out what the best price is, except by actual experiment. He cannot know the intensity of the demand, or the abundance of the supply, otherwise than by the offers which may be made for his little bundle of goods; so he begins by asking a perfectly hopeless price, and thence descends the ladder until he meets a purchaser, forever

'striving to attain
By shadowing out the unattainable.'

"This is the struggle which creates the continual occasion for debate. The vendor, perceiving that the unfolded merchandize has caught the eye of a possible purchaser, commences his opening speech. He covers his bristling broadcloths, and his meagre silks, with the golden broidery of oriental praises, and as he talks, along with the slow, and graceful waving of his arms, he lifts his undulating periods, upholds, and poises them well, till they have gathered their weight, and their strength, and then hurls them bodily forward, with grave, momentous swing. The possible purchaser listens to the whole speech with deep and serious attention; but when it is over, *his* turn arrives; he elaborately endeavors to show why he ought not to buy the things at a price twenty times more than their value; bystanders, attracted to the debate, take a part in it as independent members—the vendor is heard in reply, and coming down with his price, furnishes the materials for a new debate. Sometimes, however, the dealer, if he is a very pious Mussulman, and sufficiently rich to hold back his ware, will take a more dignified part, maintaining a kind of judicial gravity, and receiving the applicants who come to his stall, as if they were rather suitors, than customers. He will quietly hear to the end, some long speech which concludes with an offer, and will answer it all with the one monosyllable, 'Yok,' which means distinctly 'No.'"

After his experience of Greek cruising, the author found himself in Cyprus, and crossing thence to Beyroot, visited (his travel was in 1835) Lady Hester Stanhope in her fastness on the east of Sidon. She had known some of his relatives, and after her peculiar fashion gave him welcome. His account of her is curious, and, in the impression it leaves of a methodical, voluntary, studied madness, does not differ from Lamartine's. But she has a more natural air, and condescends oftener to the truths and commonplaces. She indulged even a talent for mimicry; in which she was said to excel when she presided over her uncle's house in London.

"The first whom she crucified in my presence was poor Lord Byron; she had seen him, it appeared, I know not where, soon after his arrival in the East, and was vastly amused at his little affectations; he had picked up a few sentences of the Romaic, with which he affected to give orders to his Greek servant; I can't tell whether Lady Hester's mimicry of the bard was at all close, but it was amusing; she attributed to him a curiously coxcombical lisp.

"Another person whose style of speaking the lady took off very amusingly was one who would scarcely object to suffer by the side of Lord Byron—I mean Lamartine, who had visited her in the course of his travels; the peculiarity which attracted her ridicule was an over-refinement of manner; according to my lady's imitation of Lamartine, (I have never seen him myself,) he had none of the violent grimace of his countrymen, and not even their usual way of talking, but rather bore himself mincingly, like the humbler sort of English dandy."

Holy Land is the next scene in the descriptions.

of *Eöthen*, and our traveller was much impressed at Nazareth, but apparently not moved by the other holy cities. Reverentially that is; for he seems to have been sufficiently disturbed in other respects.

"Except at Jerusalem, never think of attempting to sleep in a 'holy city.' Old Jews from all parts of the world go to lay their bones upon the sacred soil, and as these people never return to their homes, it follows that any domestic vermin which they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident, so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias, but I know that the congregation of fleas which attended at my church alone, must have been something enormous. It was a carnal, self-seeking congregation, wholly inattentive to the service which was going on, and devoted to the one object of having my blood. The fleas of all nations were there. The smug, steady, importunate flea from Holywell street—the pert, jumping 'puce' from hungry France—the wary, watchful 'pulce' with his poisoned stiletto—the vengeful 'pulga' of Castile with his ugly knife—the German 'floh' with his knife, and fork—insatiate—not rising from table—whole swarms from all the Russias, and Asiatic hordes unnumbered—all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast. I could no more defend myself against my enemies, than if I had been 'pain à discretion' in the hands of a French patriot, or English gold in the claws of a Pennsylvanian Quaker. After passing a night like this, you are glad to pick up the wretched remains of your body long, long before morning dawns. Your skin is scorched—your temples throb—your lips feel withered and dried—your burning eye-balls are screwed inwards against the brain."

He must have had a sharper taste of realities in this *Terra Santa* than anywhere else in the East; roughing it with wild and lawless Arabs, pitching his own tents, and sleeping on his mother earth, (of which he gives a most graphic notion,) after the best approved models of nomadic life. He bivouacked on the banks, and bathed in the waters, of the Dead Sea; and was afterwards dragged across it with his party by swimming Arabs. He had no religious enthusiasm in Jerusalem, being not altogether free, we suppose, from the disenchanting influence of over-familiarity.

"Your hotel is a monastery—your rooms are cells—the landlord is a stately abbot, and the waiters are hooded monks.—If you walk out of the town you find yourself on the Mount of Olives, or in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the Hill of Evil Counsel. If you mount your horse and extend your rambles, you will be guided to the wilderness of St. John, or the birth-place of our Saviour. Your club is the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where everybody meets everybody every day. If you lounge through the town, your Bond street is the Via Dolorosa, and the object of your hopeless affections is some maid, or matron all forlorn, and sadly shrouded in her pilgrim's robe. If you would hear music, it must be the chanting of friars—if you look at pictures, you see Virgins

with mis-foreshortened arms, or devils out of drawing, or angels tumbling up the skies in impious perspective. If you would make any purchases you must go again to the church doors, and when you inquire for the manufactures of the place, you find that they consist of double-blessed beads, and sanctified shells."

The supposed scenes of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, the author of *Eöthen* had faith in. It suited his humor at the time, we imagine; for not only the best learned authorities, but all the probabilities are against them. And let us add to our remark upon the flippant passages we before objected to, that the personal familiarities, quite apart from an allowable appearance in scenes of adventure, now and then intrude themselves into unsuitable places. We would rather have even our Homer let alone. It is a needless personal fuss, to say the least. It is dipping one's wig in the ocean when a pail of water would do as well.

But we must repeat of *Eöthen* that it is the best book of Eastern travel that we know; full of talent, lively, spirited, and various.

There is a most humorous mention of the rival churches in the Holy City; which go on quietly enough "till their blood is up." But there can be little real quiet in a contest which is constantly, with the utmost fierceness, disputing every stone in the Saviour's tomb. The Desert and plague-tormented Cairo, are splendidly described.

The author of *Eöthen* escaped the plague, though he lived in the midst of it at Cairo. His experiences, told with great vivacity, and no effort, suggest powerful reasonings against the quarantine superstitions. It seems quite clear that the contagionist brings the disease upon himself.

This book deserves to be popular. Every one who makes his summer trip in the direction of the Pyramids will take it with him. It was predicted in the *Quarterly Review*, some years since, that a Joppa steamer would start regularly from Tower stairs before many years were over. We see that our lively *Punch* anticipates the event, and imagines sounds already in those distant waters strange enough to waken from their grim and long repose the Godfreys of Bulloigne, Richards Cœur de Lion, and other heroes of Holy Land.

"Stop a! stop a!"
 "Any gentleman for Joppa?"
 "Mascus, Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir."
 "Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"
 "Jerusalem, 'lem! 'lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"
 "Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"
 "Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
 "Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?"
 "Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"
 "What gent or lady's for the Nile,
 Or Pyramids!" "Thebes! Thebes! sir!"
 "Steady!"
 "Now, where's that party for Engedi?"

When the Joppa steamer is established, *Eöthen* must figure in her library.

[We add a review by the Athenæum.]

A free and easy book with a hard title, signifying "from the early dawn," or "from the East." The author seeks rather to give the statement of his impressions, than a strict account of the places visited; and to estimate things not by their general relative importance, but by the degree in which, whether by disposition or accident, they interested himself. Here, then, we have a companion, not a teacher: and an agreeable fellow-traveller he is; one from whom we shall not hastily or willingly part. The kind of amusement obtainable from this book may be judged of by the following clever scene:—

"In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary influence except that which belongs to the family of the Sultan, and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendant of the owner. From these causes it results, that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry, are official personages, and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner, and those well undulating tones which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate, those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet, unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or dragoman as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you, if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that, 'the pasha of so and so was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished.' But the heap of common-places thus quietly attributed to the pasha, will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

"*Pasha.*—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

"*Dragoman* (to the traveller.)—The pasha pays you his compliments.

"*Traveller.*—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honor of seeing him.

"*Dragoman* (to the pasha.)—His lordship, this Englishman, lord of London, scorner of Ireland, suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the pasha among pashas—the pasha of the everlasting pashalik of Karaghoolkoldour.

"*Traveller* (to his dragoman.)—What on earth have you been saying about London? The pasha

will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I would have won easy, if my committee had not been bought. I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

"*Dragoman*—[is silent.]

"*Pasha.*—What says the friendly lord of London? is there aught that I can grant him within the pashalik of Karaghoolkoldour!

"*Dragoman* (growing sulky and literal.)—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

"*Pasha.*—The end of his honors is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

"*Dragoman* (to the traveller.)—The pasha congratulates your excellency.

"*Traveller.*—About Goldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views, in relation to the present state of the Ottoman empire; tell him the houses of parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the sultan's dominions.

"*Dragoman* (to the pasha.)—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the sultan's dominions has been assured forever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

"*Pasha.*—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

"*Traveller* (to the dragoman.)—What does the pasha mean by that whizzing! he does not mean to say, does he, that our government will ever abandon their pledges to the sultan!

"*Dragoman.*—No, your excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

"*Traveller.*—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the pasha, (he'll be struck with that,) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

"*Dragoman* (recovering his temper and freedom of speech.)—His excellency, this lord of Mudcombe, observes to your highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm, called Euston square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

"*Pasha.* I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapors of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr!

whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! whiz! all by steam!

"*Traveller* (to his dragoman.)—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the pasha to give me his views on the subject.

"*Pasha* (after having received the communication of the dragoman.)—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants, whose lumber rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

"*Dragoman*.—The pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

"*Traveller*.—The pasha's right about the cutlery. (I tried my scimitar with the common officer's swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel.) Well, (to the dragoman,) tell the pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the pasha, that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years, there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events, you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman!—Oh! and by the by, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

"*Pasha* (after hearing the dragoman.)—It is true, it is true:—through all Feringhistan the English are foremost, and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of Songs, and the French are the sons of Newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English, and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols, so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies,—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

"*Dragoman*.—The pasha compliments the English.

"*Traveller* (rising.)—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the pasha, I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

"*Pasha* (after hearing the dragoman, and standing up on his divan.)—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may

his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

"*Dragoman*.—The pasha wishes your excellency a pleasant journey.

"So ends the visit."

This extract will show our readers, that we have introduced them to a traveller, who can at least write a fine Roman hand, legible, and delightful to read. Nay, he has wit and humor, that shed an illustrative gleam on every object which he describes, placing it in the happiest relief. He is never at a loss for his joke. Both savage and civil come in equally for their share. Thus he tells his correspondent, that—

"It used to be said, that a good man, struggling with adversity, was a spectacle worthy of the gods:—a Tartar attempting to run would have been a sight worthy of you. But put him in his stirrups, and then is the Tartar himself again: there you see him at his ease, reposing in the tranquillity of that true home, (the home of his ancestors,) which the saddle seems to afford him, and drawing from his pipe the calm pleasures of his 'own fire-side,' or else dashing sudden over the earth, as though for a moment he were borne by the steed of a Turkman chief, with the plains of central Asia before him. * * * The Suridgees are the fellows employed to lead the baggage horses. They are most of them Gypsies. Poor devils! their lot is an unhappy one—they are the last of the human race, and all the sins of their superiors (including the horses) can safely be visited on them. But the wretched look often more picturesque than their betters, and though all the world look down upon these poor Suridgees, their tawny skins, and their grisly beards, will gain them honorable standing in the foreground of a landscape. We had a couple of these fellows with us, each leading a baggage horse, to the tail of which last, another baggage horse was attached. There was a world of trouble in persuading the stiff angular portmanteaus of Europe to adapt themselves to their new condition, and sit quietly on pack-saddles, but all was right at last, and it gladdened my eyes to see our little troop file off through the winding lanes of the city, and show down brightly in the plain beneath; the one of our party that seemed to be most out of keeping with the rest of the scene, was Methley's Yorkshire servant, who rode doggedly on his pantry jacket, looking out for 'gentlemen's seats.' * * * The first night of your first campaign (though you be but a mere peaceful campaigner) is a glorious time in your life. It is so sweet to find oneself free from the stale civilization of Europe! Oh my dear ally! when first you spread your carpet in the midst of these eastern scenes, do think for a moment of those your fellow-creatures that dwell in squares, and streets, and even (for such is the fate of many!) in actual country houses; think of the people that are 'presenting their compliments,' and 'requesting the honor,' and 'much regretting,'—of those that are pinioned at dinner tables, or stuck up in ball-rooms, or cruelly planted in pews—ay, think of these, and so remembering how many poor devils are living in a state of utter respectability, you will glory the more in your own delightful escape."

Even the plague at Constantinople presents itself to him in more than one agreeable aspect:

"All the while that I stayed at Constantinople, the plague was prevailing, but not with any degree of violence; its presence, however, lent a mysterious, and exciting, though not very pleasant interest to my first knowledge of a great Oriental city; it gave tone and color to all I saw, and all I felt—a tone, and a color sombre enough, but true, and well befitting the dreary monuments of past power and splendor. With all that is most truly oriental in its character, the plague is associated: it dwells with the faithful in the holiest quarters of their city; the coats, and the hats of Pera, are held to be nearly as innocent of infection, as they are ugly in shape, and fashion; but the rich furs, and the costly shawls, the brodered slippers, and the golden-laden saddle-cloths—the fragrance of burning aloes, and the rich aroma of patchouli—these are the signs which mark the familiar home of plague. You go out from your living London—the centre of the greatest, and strongest amongst all earthly dominions—you go out thence, and travel on to the capital of an eastern prince—you find but a waning power, and a faded splendor, that inclines you to laugh, and mock, but let the infernal Angel of plague be at hand, and he, more mighty than armies—more terrible than Suleyman in his glory, can restore such pomp, and majesty to the weakness of the Imperial walls, that if, *when HE is there*, you must still go prying amongst the shades of this dead empire, at least you will tread the path with seemly reverence, and awe.

* * And perhaps as you make your difficult way, through a steep and narrow alley, which winds between blank walls, and it is little frequented by passers, you meet one of those coffin-shaped bundles of white linen which implies an Ottoman lady. Painfully struggling against the obstacles to progression which are interposed by the many folds of her clumsy drapery, by her big mud boots, and especially by her two pairs of slippers, she waddles along full awkwardly enough, but yet there is something of womanly consciousness in the very labor and effort with which she tugs, and lifts the burthen of her charms; she is close followed by her women slaves. Of her very self you see nothing, except the dark luminous eyes that stare against your face, and the tips of the painted fingers depending like rose-buds from out the blank bastions of the fortress. She turns, and turns again, and carefully glances around her on all sides, to see that she is safe from the eyes of Mussulmans, and then suddenly withdrawing the yashmak, she shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. And this which so dizzies your brain, is not the light, changeful grace, which leaves you to doubt whether you have fallen in love with a body, or only a soul; it is the beauty that dwells secure in the perfectness of hard, downright outlines, and in the glow of generous color. There is fire, though, too—high courage, and fire enough in the untamed mind, or spirit, or whatever it is, which drives the breath of pride through those scarcely parted lips. You smile at pretty women—you turn pale before the beauty that is great enough to have dominion over you. She sees, and exults in your giddiness; she sees and smiles; then presently, with a sudden movement, she lays her blushing fingers upon your arm, and cries out, 'Yumourdjak!' (Plague!) meaning 'there is a present of the plague for you!' This is her notion of a witticism: it is a very old piece of fun, no doubt—quite an oriental Joe Miller; but the Turks are fondly attached, not only

to the institutions, but also to the jokes of their ancestors; so, the lady's silvery laugh rings joyously in your ears, and the mirth of her women is boisterous, and fresh, as though the bright idea of giving the plague to a Christian had newly lit upon the earth."

Our traveller is very fierce against Hellenic rites and ceremonies, and particularly so against their saint days and fast days:—

"The fasts too, of the Greek Church, produce an ill effect upon the character of the people, for they are carried to such an extent, as to bring about a *bonâ fide* mortification of the flesh; the febrile irritation of the frame operating in conjunction with the depression of spirits occasioned by abstinence, will so far answer the objects of the rite, as to engender some religious excitement, but this is of a morbid and gloomy character, and it seems to be certain, that along with the increase of sanctity, there comes a fiercer desire for the perpetration of dark crimes. The number of murders committed during Lent, is greater, I am told, than at any other time of the year. A man under the influence of a bean dietary, (for this is the principal food of the Greeks during their fasts,) will be in an apt humor for enriching the shrine of his saint, and passing a knife through his next door neighbor. The moneys deposited upon the shrines are appropriated by priests; the priests are married men, and have families to provide for; they 'take the good with the bad,' and continue to recommend fasts. Then too, the Greek Church enjoins her followers to keep holy such a vast number of saints' days, as practically to shorten the lives of the people very materially. I believe that one third out of the number of days in the year are 'kept holy,' or rather, *kept stupid*, in honor of the saints; no great portion of the time thus set apart is spent in religious exercises, and the people don't betake themselves to any animating pastimes, which might serve to strengthen the frame, or invigorate the mind, or exalt the taste. On the contrary, the saints' days of the Greeks in Smyrna, are passed in the same manner as the Sabbaths of well-behaved Protestant housemaids in London—that is to say, in a steady, and serious contemplation of street scenery. The men perform this duty *at the doors* of their houses,—the women *at the windows*, which the custom of Greek towns has so decidedly appropriated to them as the proper station of their sex, that a man would be looked upon as utterly effeminate if he ventured to choose that situation for the keeping of the saints' days. I was present one day at a treaty for the hire of some apartments at Smyrna, which was carried on between Carrigaholt, and the Greek woman to whom the rooms belonged. Carrigaholt objected that the windows commanded no view of the street; immediately the brow of the majestic matron was clouded, and with all the scorn of a Spartan mother she coolly asked Carrigaholt and said, 'Art thou a tender damsel that thou wouldst sit and gaze from windows?' The man whom she addressed, however, had not gone to Greece with any intention of placing himself under the laws of Lycurgus, and was not to be diverted from his views by a Spartan rebuke, so he took care to find himself windows after his own heart, and there, I believe, for many a month, he kept the saints' days, and all the days intervening after the fashion of Grecian women."

To console him, however, *there were* the ladies at the windows, and these in due time compel him to a palinode: see too with what evident *gusto* he portrays the women of Cyprus:—

"The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus, is curious in connexion with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own; the Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall, and slightly formed—there is a high-souled meaning and expression—a seeming consciousness of gentle empire that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself, like Cytherea's own cestus, around the slender waist—then the richly abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids; of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these, the maidens of Limesol—their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall, like Julia's Cashmere, in soft, luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their brilliant sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all of the bright cities of the Ægean, and may yet weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted Isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture, or the bitterness of love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing 'politics' (*πολιτική*) of the women; meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their witching ways; the word, however, plainly fails to express one half of that which the speakers would say; I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary 'Je ne sçai quoi.'"

This is followed by an account of Lady Hester Stanhope; as, however, it contains nothing new on an old topic, we pass on to less known, and more attractive metal. We visit "the sanctuary" and could linger there with the writer, but mistrust the vein in which he treats his subject. His satire likewise upon "the monks of the Holy Land," is perhaps somewhat too buoyant, and his account of their ignorance a little exaggerated. As, however, he advises us "not to reason" on it, but to take it as it stands, we think it prudent to obey. Part of it may amuse:—

"Christianity permits and sanctions the drinking of wine, and of all the holy brethren in Palestine, there are none who hold fast to this gladsome rite so strenuously as the monks of Damascus; not that they are more zealous Christians than the rest of their fellows in the Holy Land, but that they have better wine. Whilst I was at Damascus, I had my quarters at the Franciscan convent there, and very soon after my arrival I asked one of the monks to let me know something of the spots which deserved to be seen; I made my inquiry in reference to the associations with which the city had been hallowed by the sojourn, and adventures of St. Paul. 'There is nothing in all Damascus,' said the good man, 'half so well worth seeing as our

cellars;' and forthwith he invited me to go, see, and admire the long ranges of liquid treasure which he and his brethren had laid up for themselves on earth. And these, I soon found, were not as the treasures of the miser that lie in unprofitable disuse, for day by day, and hour by hour, the golden juice ascended from the dark recesses of the cellar to the uppermost brains of the monks; dear old fellows! in the midst of that solemn land, their Christian laughter rang loudly and merrily—their eyes flashed with unceasing bonfires, and their heavy woollen petticoats could no more weigh down the sprightliness of their paces, than the nominal gauze of a danseuse can clog her bounding step."

These monks have not always such a pleasant life of it:—

"It was about three months after the time of my leaving Jerusalem, that the plague set his spotted foot on the holy city. The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty, but for its performance they chose a plan most sadly well fitted for bringing down upon them the very death which they were striving to ward off. They imagined themselves almost safe, so long as they remained within their walls; but then it was quite needful that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk, therefore, was chosen either by lot, or by some other fair appeal to Destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the convent, for fear of infecting his brethren, but to a detached building, (which I remember,) belonging to the establishment, but at some little distance from the inhabited rooms; he was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning he was ordered to ring it, *if he could*; but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious, or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In this way twenty-one of the monks were carried off. One cannot well fail to admire the steadiness with which the dismal scheme was carried through; but if there be any truth in the notion, that disease may be invited by a frightened imagination, it is difficult to conceive a more dangerous plan than that which was chosen by these poor fellows. The anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell,—the silence that reigned instead of it, and then the drawing of the lots, (the odds against death being one point lower than yesterday,) and the going forth of the newly doomed man—all this must have widened the gulf that opens to the shades below; when his victim had already suffered so much of mental torture, it was but easy work for big, bullying Pestilence to follow a forlorn monk from the beds of the dying, and wrench away his life from him, as he lay all alone in an outhouse."

In pursuing our oriental journey, we soon find, that we must get rid of oriental associations. Our traveller's feelings are not historical, but personal. In looking on the Sea of Galilee, he thinks upon Wastwater and Windermere; and reverts to some "dear old memory from over the seas in England," when he should be endeavoring to realize

the evangelical narratives. He dwells altogether in the present, and justifies his habit. It, however, makes him somewhat of a dangerous companion: he laughs at everything; the ideals vanish, and nothing but the ridiculous shadows of the present remain. But he will have it so; for, says he,—

“If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his mother with a natural Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society; a time for not liking tamed people; a time for not dancing quadrilles—not sitting in pews; a time for pretending that Milton, and Shelley, and all sorts of mere dead people, were greater in death than the first living Lord of the Treasury; a time, in short, for scoffing and railing—for speaking lightly of the very opera, and all our most cherished institutions. It is from nineteen to two or three and twenty, perhaps, that this war of the man against men is like to be waged most sullenly. You are yet in this smiling England, but you find yourself wending away to the dark sides of her mountains—climbing the dizzy crags—exulting in the fellowship of mists, and clouds, and watching the storms how they gather, or proving the metal of your mare upon the broad and dreary downs, because that you feel congenially with the yet unparcelled earth. A little while you are free and unlabelled, like the ground that you compass, but Civilization is coming, and coming; you and your much-loved waste lands will be surely inclosed, and sooner or later you will be brought down to a state of utter usefulness—the ground will be curiously sliced into acres, and roods, and perches, and you, for all you sit so smartly in your saddle, you will be caught—you will be taken up from travel, as a colt from grass, to be trained, and tried, and marched, and run. All this in time, but first come continental tours, and the moody longing for Eastern travel; the downs and the moors of England can hold you no longer; with larger stride you burst away from these slips and patches of free land—you thread your path through the crowds of Europe, and at last on the banks of Jordan, you joyfully know that you are upon the very frontier of all accustomed respectabilities. There, on the other side of the river, (you can swim it with one arm,) there reigns the people that will be like to put you to death for *not* being a vagrant, for *not* being a robber, for *not* being armed and houseless. There is comfort in that—health, comfort, and strength to one who is dying from very weariness of that poor, dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and pains-taking governess, Europe.”

With this explanation, the writer's vein becomes intelligible enough. Those to whom such humor is intolerable, had better not attempt to read Eöthen.

We next find him in an Arab encampment, partaking of such poor cheer as could be had, and escaping danger by his *nonchalance* and presence of mind. His passage over the Jordan is very graphically described. Nor are the Easter ceremonies at Jerusalem less picturesquely or humorously portrayed. What a picture too—how richly colored is the following:—

“To a Christian, and thorough-bred English-

man, not even the licentiousness which generally accompanies it, can compensate for the oppressiveness of that horrible outward decorum, which turns the cities and the palaces of Asia into deserts, and gaols. So, I say, when you see, and hear them, those romping girls of Bethlehem will gladden your very soul. Distant at first, and then nearer and nearer the timid flock will gather around you with their large, burning eyes gravely fixed against yours, so that they see into your brain, and if you imagine evil against them, they will know of your ill thought before it is yet well born, and will fly, and be gone in the moment. But presently, if you will only look virtuous enough to prevent alarm, and vicious enough to avoid looking silly, the blithe maidens will draw nearer, and nearer to you, and soon there will be one, the bravest of the sisters, who will venture right up to your side, and touch the hem of your coat, in playful defiance of the danger, and then the rest will follow the daring of their youthful leader, and gather close round you, and hold a shrill controversy on the wondrous formation that you call a hat, and the cunning of the hands that clothed you with cloth so fine; and then growing more profound in their researches, they will pass from the study of your mere dress, to a serious contemplation of your stately height, and your nut-brown hair, and the ruddy glow of your English cheeks. And if they catch a glimpse of your ungloved fingers, then again will they make the air ring with their sweet screams of wonder, and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with their warmer tints, and even with the hues of your own sunburnt face; instantly the ringleader of the gentle rioters imagines a new sin; with tremulous boldness she touches—then grasps your hand, and smooths it gently betwixt her own, and pries curiously into its make, and color, as though it were silk of Damascus, or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you even then, still sage, and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly, and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are surely quite harmless, and innocent—a lion that makes no spring—a bear that never hugs, and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand, and strive to explain it, and make it a theme, and a controversy. But the one—the fairest, and the sweetest of all, is yet the most timid; she shrinks from the daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her; but her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice—they vow that the fair one *shall* be their accomplice—*shall* share their dangers—*shall* touch the hand of the stranger; they seize her small wrist, and drag her forward by force, and at last, whilst yet she strives to turn away, and to cover up her whole soul under the folds of downcast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength—they vanquish your utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers, and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm. For an instant her large, timid eyes are upon you—in an instant they are shrouded again, and there comes a blush so burning, that the frightened girls stay their shrill laughter, as though they had played too perilously, and harmed their gentle sister. A moment and all with a sudden intelligence turn away, and fly like deer, yet soon again like deer they wheel round, and return, and stand, and

gaze upon the danger, until they grow brave once more."

Our author was just the man to risk an adventure with the Bedouins, and accordingly we soon find him *à bivouac* in the midst of their tents, and afterwards their comrade in the desert.

"As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills, and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you—then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled, and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern, and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side. Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound; the beast instantly understood, and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted; the rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores."

We cannot resist copying the following portrait of a singular character:—

"Once during this passage my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after a while we were lucky enough to

recover our right line of march. The same day we fell in with a Sheikh, the head of a family, that actually dwells at no great distance from this part of the desert, during nine months of the year. The man carried a match-lock, of which he was very proud; we stopped, and sat down and rested awhile, for the sake of a little talk: there was much that I should have liked to ask this man, but he could not understand Dhemetri's language, and the process of getting at his knowledge by double interpretation through my Arabs was unsatisfactory. I discovered, however, (and my Arabs knew of that fact,) that this man and his family lived habitually for nine months in the year, without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub growing at intervals through the sand in this part of the desert, is fed by the dews which fall at night, and enables the camel mares to yield a little milk, which furnishes the sole food and drink of their owner and his people. During the other three months (the hottest months, I suppose) even this resource fails, and then the Sheikh and his people are forced to pass into another district. You would ask me why the man should not remain always in that district which supplies him with water during three months of the year, but I don't know enough of Arab politics to answer the question. The Sheikh was not a good specimen of the effect produced by the diet to which he is subjected; he was very small, very spare, and sadly shrivelled—a poor, over-roasted snipe, a mere cinder of a man; I made him sit down by my side, and gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water from out of my goatskins. This was not very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid, and was deeply reddened by some coloring matter contained in the skins; but it kept its sweetness, and tasted like a strong decoction of Russia leather. The Sheikh sipped this, drop by drop, with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round between every draught, as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet, and had come from the seventh heaven. An inquiry about distances led to the discovery that this Sheikh had never heard of the division of time into hours; my Arabs themselves, I think, were rather surprised at this."

The following psychological phenomenon is note-worthy:—

"On the fifth day of my journey, the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening, was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the heavens, through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes (or moments) I cannot tell, but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was, that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plucked my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened, but still those old Marlen bells rung on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing 'for church.' After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a

watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility, of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England, it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells."

Now comes an awful chapter on Cairo and the Plague, so treated, that the author in a note apologizes for the air of bravado that pervades it. It was the fearful visitation of the year 1835. From such causes there is more to dread than from the barbarism of the people, into such wise or unwise passiveness have they been schooled, either by dogmatism or despotism. But for this it were a wonder how an European could pass in safety through their villages, since he cannot do so without being, though unconsciously, the occasion of much oppression. The ancient usage of the East requires the inhabitants to supply the wants of travellers,—a custom which yet prevails in a corrupt form, being exerted in favor of those travellers only who are deemed powerful enough to demand assistance. To offer to pay, therefore, is a certificate of weakness which ensures refusal, while the practice of intimidation is uniformly followed by concession. The supplies thus obtained are forced from the poor husbandman, who is frequently roused from his midnight sleep by the sudden coming of a government officer, who captures his mule or horse for the use of the traveller, and which, if the owner is not careful to follow, he is pretty sure to lose. A *prestige*, too, attends the European in his wanderings; since every Oriental peasant habitually and practically feels and believes that "in Vienna or Petersburg, or London, there are four or five pale looking men who could pull down the star of the Pasha with shreds of paper and ink:—"

"The people of the country knew, too, that Mehemet Ali was strong with the strength of the Europeans,—strong by his French general, his French tactics, and his English engines. Moreover, they saw that the person, the property, and even the dignity of the humblest European was guarded with the most careful solicitude. The consequence of all this was, that the people of Syria looked vaguely, but confidently, to Europe for fresh changes; many would fix upon some nation, France, or England, and steadfastly regard it as the arriving sovereign of Syria; those whose minds remained in doubt, equally contributed to this new state of public opinion, which no longer depended upon religion, and ancient habits, but upon bare hopes, and fears. Every man wanted to know,—not who was his neighbor, but who was to be his ruler; whose feet he was to kiss, and

by whom *his* feet were to be ultimately beaten. Treat your friend, says the proverb, as though he were one day to become your enemy, and your enemy as though he were one day to become your friend. The Syrians went further, and seemed inclined to treat every stranger as though he might one day become their Pasha. Such was the state of circumstances, and of feeling, which now for the first time had thoroughly opened the mind of Western Asia for the reception of Europeans and European ideas. The credit of the English especially was so great, that a good Mussulman flying from the conscription, or any other persecution, would come to seek from the formerly despised hat, that protection which the turban could no longer afford, and a man high in authority, (as for instance the governor in command of Gaza,) would think that he had won a prize, or at all events a valuable lottery ticket, if he obtained a written approval of his conduct from a simple traveller."

With this sort of undefined, and, as it were, magic protection, our somewhat inconsiderate traveller found more than once his mere indiscretions of unexpected advantage, and was even appealed to, as a locomotive authority, to decide between Christian and Moslem in matters of proselytism and divorce, and also in behalf of some poor Jew who had been plundered in Safet, and claimed his interference as British subjects. On his arrival at Damascus, moreover, he obtained, from the same influence, privileges which the Christian natives desire in vain:—

"In the principal streets of Damascus there is a path for foot-passengers, which is raised, I think, a foot or two above the bridle road. Until the arrival of the British consul-general, none but a Mussulman had been permitted to walk upon the upper way: Mr. Farren would not, of course, suffer that the humiliation of any such an exclusion should be submitted to by an Englishman, and I always walked upon the raised path as free and unmolested as if I had been striding through Bond Street: the old usage was, however, maintained with as much strictness as ever against the Christian Rayahs and Jews; not one of them could have set his foot upon the privileged path without endangering his life. I was lounging, one day, I remember, along "the paths of the faithful," when a Christian Rayah from the bridle-road below saluted me with such earnestness, and craved so anxiously to speak, and be spoken to, that he soon brought me to a halt; he had nothing to tell, except only the glory and exultation with which he saw a fellow Christian stand level with the imperious Mussulmans; perhaps he had been absent from the place for some time, for otherwise I hardly know how it could have happened that my exaltation was the first instance he had seen. His joy was great; so strong and strenuous was England, (Lord Palmerston reigned in those days,) that it was a pride and delight for a Syrian Christian to look up, and say that the Englishman's faith was his too. If I was vexed at all that I could not give the man a lift, and shake hands with him on level ground, there was no alloy to his pleasures; he followed me on, not looking to his own path, but keeping his eyes on me; he saw, as he thought, and said, (for he came with me on to my quarters,) the period of the Mahom-

etan's absolute ascendancy—the beginning of the Christian's. He had so closely associated the insulting privilege of the path with actual dominion, that seeing it now in one instance abandoned, he looked for the quick coming of European troops. His lips only whispered, and that tremulously, but his fiery eyes spoke out their triumph in long and loud hurrahs! 'I, too, am a Christian. My foes are the foes of the English. We are all one people, and Christ is our king.'"

We must now, and with regret, part with Eöthen: the book is "as light as light," and lively as life. Yet are there in it passages and scenes which would make most men grave and solemn. Sometimes, too, the writer dashes, as it were, by a fearful leap, into sublimity; but the transition is so sudden, that we are never sure of his sincerity. But every work must stand on its own merits; every author by his peculiar talent.

ON HEARING AN OLD SCOTTISH MELODY.

BY ELIZA SHERIDAN CARY.

SADLY to my heart appealing,
 Sadly, sadly—well-a-day!
 Requiem-like in murmurs stealing,
 Comes that old familiar lay!
 Why does not the wonted pleasure
 From that antique music spring?
 Why, that well-remembered measure,
 Grieving thoughts and anguish bring!
 Forms departed rise before me;
 Smiles long vanished greet again;
 Eyes forever sealed beam o'er me,
 Soothing once the sense of pain!
 And with every thrilling number,
 Words of love gush on mine ear;
 Voices sweet, that, bound in slumber,
 Hushed have been for many a year!
 Like the winds in autumn sighing
 Through the trembling alder tree;
 Or far surge's echo dying,
 Soft and low those voices flee;
 And, as hues in twilight fading,
 Swift those gentle forms decay!
 Vainly, vainly, Hope upbraiding,
 Bids them not all pass away.
 Ghost-like, thus they wane before me,
 Quenched their lustre, fled their bloom,
 While pale memory, tearful o'er me,
 Flings the shadow of the tomb,
 Sadly to my heart appealing,
 Sadly, sadly—well-a-day!
 Requiem-like, in murmurs stealing,
 Comes that old familiar lay!

BRIDGE AT WARSAW.—The progress of the great bridge over the Vistula, which has been retarded from the deficiency of funds, has received an accelerated movement, owing to a very curious circumstance, which, in the days of superstition, must have conferred a character of great sanctity on the work; the saints themselves have provided the needful. In proceeding to the demolition of a small and very ancient Catholic chapel, to clear the approach on the Warsaw side, two barrels filled with bars of fine gold have been discovered. The value is estimated at a million and a half of florins, (upwards of £150,000 sterling,) and the whole has been appropriated to the completion of the bridge.

THE POOR.—We have seen, of late, with pleasure, a disposition, both within and without the walls of parliament, to preserve and extend the natural play-grounds of the toiling poor—to keep alive the old fountains, and create new ones, at which the pent population of cities may take a draught of health, after the week's fever, in the form of the unsullied sunshine and the untainted breeze. We hail every practical affirmation of the importance of bringing the hearts and lungs of the people into occasional communication with the freshening influences of nature—of letting their minds and bodies taste, as often as may be, of her sweetness—that lies on the open hills, and lurks in the free glades and green valleys, and makes summer everywhere, save where the monster of society has conquered and expelled her—throwing out suburbs to the "immemorial fields," and pushing his outworks far into the country, to drive her beyond the busy man's reach. The cheap railway-excursions which have given to thousands an unaccustomed taste of the present summer, (their price letting in an immense class who never moved far before)—which have taken multitudes far out into the haunts of England's natural beauty—set them down on that dream land of many, the sea-shore—given the provincial his long-desired and denied glimpse of London—and even opened for thousands of astonished visitors a day's vision of France—tossing them well on the waters, and returning them to their homes with an important sense of far travel achieved,—fresh life in their veins and a pleasant memory in their hearts—these excursions, we say, are worth noting, as facts bearing on higher interests than the economics of a railway company:—and we heartily wish prosperity and great returns to every one of them, where the regulation for the safety and feelings of the happy crowds are duly regarded, and the contract with the hubble faithfully kept.—*Athenæum*.

We learn from the Berlin journals that the King of Prussia has announced his intention of giving every five years a prize, consisting of a medal, with a purse of 1,000 gold crowns, for the best work on the History of Germany, in the German language.

BELGIUM has just concluded an important commercial treaty with the German Customs Union; thus described by the *Moniteur Belge* of the 2d instant—

"The Customs Union concedes to Belgium a reduction of 50 per cent. on the duty on foreign cast-iron. This duty is fixed from this day at 2 francs 20 centimes per 100 kilogrammes. Thus, Belgian cast-iron will pay only 1 frank 25 centimes; besides this, a reduction of duty on iron articles is granted. The export-duty on woollens at the frontiers of the Zollverein is reduced from two dollars to one dollar.

"The concessions made by Belgium are, the repayment of the Scheldt toll; the maintaining in force of the law of the 6th of June relating to Luxemburg; the renewal of the regulations in favor of the German wines and silk manufactures; the revocation of the resolution on the exportation of bark; and the opening of the frontiers Custom-house at Frankorchamp.

"Lastly, the ships of the Union are placed on an equality with Belgian ships with respect to all the privileges and advantages of the navigation. The transit of goods on both parts is wholly free."

From Hood's Magazine.

TWO DAYS IN THE ODENWALD.

"What shall he have who kills the deer?"

"HURRAH!" cried my friend Winterfeld, letting the butt of his rifle fall to the ground, as the roe-buck he had just fired at came bounding down the hill, and fell dead at some hundred and fifty yards from us. "A clean miss with the first barrel, but I take it you could not make a longer shot with your English rifles than that!"

"Bravo! an excellent beginning," I replied; and as we hastened towards the fallen game, I really began to doubt whether our English guns must not yield the palm to German ones.

"Slap through the forehead, I am sure," said Winterfeld, as he saw me looking for the wound. But no wound was to be found, although the spine was broken, and the skin completely scraped from the back of the neck. In fact it was evident from the hair which remained sticking to a tree close by, that the creature, in springing over the road, had miscalculated its distance, and coming with all its force against the trunk, had been killed by the violence of the blow.

"Any luck?" inquired Herman, who had strayed some distance from us, but returned on hearing the shots.

"Oh yes! Winterfeld has been proving the superiority of your German rifles. He has frightened a buck to death with the mere report of his." My friend looked rather crest-fallen, but bore our jokes pretty well, and we commenced climbing the steep hill before us.

We had obtained permission for a few days' shooting over an extensive chasse in the Odenwald. On arriving in the morning at Katzenbach, (the most central point for our operations,) we found the keepers were already in the woods. Determined however not to lose time, we slung our rifles over our shoulders, and providing ourselves with climbing sticks, started in search of them. Our success in shooting was not great, though the game abounded, and we saw many herds of deer. But it was seldom that we could get a shot at them. Still it was better than we had a right to anticipate without beaters. I had managed to knock over a deer, and Winterfeld had wounded another, which we traced by the drops of blood.

We started in pursuit, climbing over steep rocks slippery with ice, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and some danger, that, with the aid of our iron-shod sticks, we at length reached the summit of the mountain. Here we caught a glimpse of the wounded animal, which had evidently been hard hit, but it was growing so dark that we were forced to give up the chase till next day. Nothing had been seen or heard of the keepers; and now that we began to think of returning to Katzenbach, it was discovered that we had lost our way. We were on the highest point of the Odenwald, surrounded by immense woods, and not a habitation of any sort to be seen. The few moments of daylight that remained were lost in consultation, and it became quite dark. To attempt descending the mountain was out of the question, and as the keepers did not seem to hear the report of our rifles, which we discharged from time to time, nothing remained for us but to pass the night in the forest. Luckily we were not far from some stacks of wood which had been newly cut and left to dry, and by the light of a blazing fire, which was speedily kindled, we set to work

to construct a hut. The cold was intense, but we kept ourselves warm by collecting large logs for a fire during the night. Our arrangements were soon completed, and as we seated ourselves in our strange dwelling, we had reason to thank the chance that had led us to so convenient a spot.

The game bags were next visited. A bottle of brandy, and loaf of black bread, were all that was left; but Winterfeld's servant, a Tyrolese, accustomed to this sort of adventure, soon suggested the means of supplying our wants. The moon would be up in an hour or so, and he could then fetch the buck we had left in the morning. In the mean time, with the help of some lumps of ice melted in the cup of a pocket flask, he soon procured hot water. A glass of grog put us all in high glee, and lighting our pipes, we managed to while away the time merrily enough.

The moon was now shining brightly, and as Fritz bounded like a chamois down the slippery rocks, I expected every moment to see him dashed to pieces. My friends, however, laughed at my fears, assuring me we should soon see the active Tyrolese return with our supper. He presently made their words good by bringing back the buck, and hungry as true hunters, we set to work to cook it. I never heard of roasted venison as an epicure's dish, but when eaten on the top of a mountain covered with ice and snow, with a glass of brandy to season it, I can recommend it to my sporting readers as a most delicious repast. The dried leaves too, which we collected, gave promise of couches, soft as down, to our tired limbs. As we once more took to our pipes, Fritz beguiled the time by singing some of his native *jagd-lied*, and finishing each verse with the well-known *jodel*, (the startling harmony of which none but a Tyrolese can give,) the shrill sound was caught and repeated by the echoes around. My companions, to whom a night of this kind was no novelty, seemed to think his melodies just good enough to sooth them to sleep. For my part, I was so well entertained in listening, and watching the picturesque scene before me, that cold and fatigue were equally unfelt. Our place of refuge was only half closed by the logs of which we had hastily constructed our hut, but beyond their limits the moon threw its wintry brightness on the rocks below; the stream of light broken occasionally by the shade of some huge tree, whose bared branches cast a shadow like that of a gigantic skeleton. The flickering light of our fire fell on the sleeping figures of my friends, half-covered by the leaves we had thrown over them; and a lone traveller, benighted like ourselves, who should have come suddenly upon us, might, at the first view of the guns and large *couteaux de chasse* lying about, have been startled into thinking he had stumbled on a robbers' den. But a glance at the hunting-bats of my companions, adorned on the one side with every description of feather, from the kingly eagle's plume to that of the lowly partridge, and varied on the other with half a dozen cockades of fur taken from one particular spot on the neck of the deer, would have reassured him. It must be confessed that our situation might, in many countries, have exposed us to a disagreeable *rencontre*; but Germany, in modern times, rather produces pilfering rogues than desperate brigands. Knowing, however, that the peasants of the Odenwald passed for among the most savage and uncivilized in the country, I could not help putting a question or two to the only one of our party who, except

myself, remained awake. "Well, Fritz, my man!" I said, "here we are, quite at the mercy of a band of robbers, if such inhabit these forests; but I suppose we are not likely to be troubled with anything of the sort?"

"Not at the top of the Katzenbuckel, *gnädiger herr*," he replied with a smile.

"But the peasants," I continued, "do not stand very high on the score of character!"

"Nor of courage either," returned he. "I do not think a whole village of them would have the pluck to attack four men armed as we are."

"Yet one hears of a desperate murder now and then," I replied.

"*Ja wohl*," replied he. "As to that we are not a hundred leagues from one who is said to have murdered a man of these parts. We shall pass, in the morning, the place where the body was found."

"Indeed! and pray who was the murderer?" I inquired.

Though on the top of a mountain, Fritz, with true German caution, lowered his voice as he answered—

"Weuzel, one of the keepers who is to accompany us to-morrow. Some people are surprised that his highness keeps him in his service; but he is a crack shot, and the dread of all the poachers in the country. Besides, nothing was ever proved, although suspicions were strong against him."

"And the murdered man?"

"Was a schoolmaster of the name of Muller," replied he; and seeing my curiosity excited, he recounted as much of the story as had come to his knowledge; but a remarkable circumstance, which will be presently mentioned, making me afterwards inquire more fully into the particulars, I leave put both narratives together.

The German peasants, although they live worse and work harder than the English, are, in many respects, better off. He must be a poor man, indeed, who does not possess his small cottage with its acre or two of land, with the produce of which, aided by a couple of pigs, and generally a cow, he is enabled to rear his family, and even to divide something among them at his death.

Such a one was Heinrich Muller, the uncle of him whose murder I am about to recount. He was an honest well-meaning man, though somewhat despotic and violent in his disposition and temper. Gretel, his only child, was, by all accounts, a perfect rustic beauty. Tall and well-shaped, her pretty features and fair complexion were shown to peculiar advantage by the little black silk cap, with its silver embroidered crown and long loops of broad black riband pendant behind, below which appeared her luxuriant brown hair, combed into a roll at the back of her neck. Her full plaited petticoats set off a trim waist, and, if rather short, displayed a foot and ankle surprisingly neat for a German. In short, the peasant's dress of the Odenwald, which, on most of its wearers, appears to have been invented merely to add to their natural ugliness, really seemed to give her additional charms. Unfortunately, her disposition did not correspond with her prepossessing exterior. With much of her father's violence of character, she was extremely obstinate and self-willed; and even the fear of old Heinrich Muller himself, would not always turn her from anything on which she had set her mind. Beauty like hers might well excuse a little vanity. But Gretel was a complete village coquette, and subsequent

events proved her something worse. A regular attendant at every dance, seldom did the ball break up without some quarrel among her numerous admirers. But though her conduct was excessively light, she was not supposed to have encouraged any one in particular; when two competitors for her favor appeared, between whom the chance of carrying her off seemed for a time equally balanced. The first of these was her cousin, Frederick Muller, a man of excellent character, respected by his neighbors for his conduct to an orphan brother, whom he had toiled to support. Heinrich Muller warmly seconded his nephews pretensions. He had the greater reason to wish for this marriage, that the jager Weuzel Brandt, Gretel's more favored lover, was of all her suitors the least eligible. Born in a class superior to that of the peasants among whom he was at present thrown, Brandt had originally possessed a small property, which he had dissipated in gambling and extravagance of various kinds, until at last he found himself reduced to become one of the forest keepers to the Prince von L—. With his character, it was not surprising that he should amuse himself with making love to the prettiest girl in the country; but neither he, nor any one else, ever dreamed of his marrying her.

The attentions of the handsome young huntsman received every encouragement from Gretel, and as Weuzel was not the kind of man with whom the peaceable German peasantry would choose to have a quarrel on so delicate a subject as that of a mistress, his victory would probably have been undisputed, had any but Fritz Muller been his opponent. But the latter wanted neither courage nor perseverance; his love for Gretel amounted to infatuation, and, backed by her father, he would not desist from his pursuit.

Thus things went on some time, when all at once people began to look wise, and to prophesy that the *dénouement* of the piece was one likely to be little favorable to Gretel's reputation. In fact, hers was an often told tale. Not daring to see her lover in public, she had met him in private, and now found herself in a situation that in a short time would expose her to the pity or derision of all her acquaintance. The only person who remained in complete ignorance of her misconduct was Heinrich Muller himself; but, while his better informed neighbors were speculating as to the manner in which he would receive the news of his daughter's disgrace, to the surprise of all, it was announced that Gretel and her cousin were to be married immediately.

It might reasonably have been expected that, in adopting her child and saving her from her father's anger, Muller would have found his reward in the gratitude and good conduct of his wife. But the contrary was the case, and the first few months after the wedding brought out the evil qualities of this wretched woman in a manner most appalling to her unhappy husband. It was soon known that they disagreed, and that the frequent quarrels between them were caused by her persisting in keeping up an intercourse with her former lover. About a year after the ill-assorted marriage had taken place, a circumstance occurred that raised the Mullers to comparative affluence. A brother of the old man, who had long been thought dead, came from America. He did not live long after his return, and Heinrich and his daughter inherited the greater part of his savings. These, for a man in his class of life, were considerable, and Weuzel

Brandt, when too late, discovered that, in refusing to marry the woman he had seduced, he had also lost an opportunity of bettering his own ruined fortunes. Gretel, too, whose life with her husband was one of daily dispute, probably cursed with double bitterness the chain she had placed on her own neck. One day Muller was found murdered in the forest some distance from his home. There was much that could not be cleared up in the manner of his death. He was a strong man, and one that might have been thought a match for any single opponent, which led people to suppose that the murderer, whoever he was, had not been unassisted:—nay more, and it was told with horror, at a little distance from the body, a footstep imperfectly traced, but marked with blood, was found, and this foot-step, all who saw, declared was a woman's!

Suspicion naturally fell on the wife and her paramour; but, owing probably to the negligence with which such investigations are conducted in this country, nothing could be proved against them, and, after passing some time in prison, they were set at liberty. But the suspicions of their neighbors were not so easily obliterated; and though Weuzel, whose temper had become so fierce and savage that none dared to interfere with him, was left comparatively unmolested, the widow of Muller was eventually forced to leave the country; for she dared not cross the threshold of her own door without being pursued by the execrations of the whole population, who remembered the dreadful spectacle of her husband's bleeding body. "And indeed," said Fritz, in whose words I conclude my tale, "it was a horrid sight. There lay poor Muller, his arm shattered by a blow, and a deep gash in his throat, which nearly severed the head from the shoulders. They say his brother was like to go distracted on beholding him. He knelt by the body and swore that the man who had done the deed, be he who he might, should not escape his vengeance; and he called down the bitterest curses on himself if he failed to keep his oath; but as it is now nearly two years since it happened, and Hans Muller left the country while the two were in prison, and has never since been heard of, I suppose——" The report of a distant rifle interrupted our conversation.

Starting to our feet, we stood, gazing at each other, when a second shot, which appeared to be much nearer than the first, succeeded by the howl of a dog, roused our sleeping companions. A moment's silence showed the general impression that something was wrong. Winterfeld was the first to recover himself. "Pooh!" said he, "our friends are firing to let us know where they are."

"Is it customary to shoot dogs on such occasions?" I inquired; "for I am much mistaken if that poor devil has not howled his last."

"That is true," said Herman. "But whoever it is, he can put us in our way as well as another. Let us give him a hail." I joined my friends in hallooing to give notice of our proximity, and, finding this unsuccessful, we tried our guns; but no answer was returned, except by the faint echo from the opposite hill. As all our efforts proved fruitless, we again entered our hut, and, after some remarks on the strangeness of the occurrence, Fritz and I took our turn of sleep, while the others kept watch till morning.

On waking at day-break, I was agreeably surprised to find myself surrounded by the keepers, who, accompanied by half the village, had come

in search of us. They had been mindful of our having passed the night in the woods, and over some hot coffee, which they had brought with them, we sat down to await the coming of the other sportsmen. The *Bezirksförster*, or head keeper of the forests, was well known to Winterfeld, and, on hearing of our arrival, had, with great good-nature, despatched messengers to collect all the sportsmen in the neighborhood, determined, he said, to show *herr Engländer* some good sport. It was my first attempt at anything of the sort in Germany; and I confess that, as I sat, puffing my cigar, the costumes of the different figures that joined our rendezvous, seemed by far more fit for a masquerade than a shooting party. The old *Bezirksförster*, with his long gray mustachoes, and dark green frock coat trailing to his heels, its bright metal buttons shining in the sun, looked uncommonly like a French hussar in his undress. But my attention was soon drawn from him to a new comer, to the oddity of whose appearance no description of mine can do justice. He was a man of some thirty years of age, strongly made, and might have been called good-looking had he not been disfigured by a scar, which, beginning under his left eye, extended, crossing his nose, to the opposite cheek. This was the fruit of one of his student duels. His dress consisted of a gray cloth blouse, with green collars and cuffs. Black tights, with hessian boots, accoutred his nether man. His head was adorned with a wash-leather skull cap fitting close down to his brows, over which came the usual round green felt hat, turned up at one side, and ornamented with such a profusion of feathers and furs, in the style of those of my friend Winterfeld, that it really had required some ingenuity to find place for them all. His game-bag, hanging under the left arm, and embroidered with the likeness of a large dog, paired off with the formidable *couteau de chasse*, shot-belt, and enormous flask, capable of containing, at least, two pounds of powder, that garnished his right side. Strapped round his waist was a muff, shaped something like a Highlander's pouch, but of much larger dimensions, made of a fox's skin, the head placed in front, the snarling teeth and cunning eyes so naturally imitated, that methought our dogs cast more than one look askant at it, as though doubtful if the fellow were not alive after all. And now, when I have mentioned the massive silver horn with ivory mouth-piece, that dangled as low as the middle of his thigh, I shall have completed the picture of this original, the Baron von B——. But no, I beg pardon, I had nearly omitted the long leathern thong, fastened with a swivel to his game-bag, by which he moderated the ardor of his dog. A strange precaution, but one of which I was afterwards constrained to admit the necessity with German pointers, which, being but half broken, are so unruly, that, on a shot being fired, it is no uncommon thing to see half a dozen dogs start off and scamper through the woods, frightening, of course, all the game their masters came to shoot. Behind the baron, came his servant, carrying three rifles on his shoulder, and a climbing stick in his hand, which latter he now fixed in the ground, and screwed a sort of wooden platter upon the top of it. On this his master very gravely seated himself, and, taking out a porcelain pipe, with his sixteen quarterings elaborately painted on it, commenced smoking. His example was followed by his jäger, who, disencumbering himself of the rifles, threw himself on the ground at his side.

By this time, we numbered some twenty guns, and only waited the arrival of Weuzel, (the keeper before alluded to,) to commence operations. Still he did not appear, and, after sundry oaths and exclamations from the more impatient of the party, it was concluded to start without him, and take the chance of his joining us later.

The beaters, thirty or forty ragged boys, each with his *orgel* (a flat piece of wood with keys, which, turned by a handle, made a prodigious rattling) hung round his neck, were stationed some ten paces apart, lining three sides of the wood. Keepers stood at certain distances between them, to prevent disorder, and hinder the deer from breaking through. We made a circuit that placed us in front of them; and, all being ready, the baron, who was again quietly seated on his stool, put his horn to his mouth, and blew a most discordant note. The beaters advanced at the signal, when, standing up, with his finger on his lip, he winked to me to be on the alert, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, remained as motionless as a statue. I was too much amused at his proceedings to pay much attention to the sport; but I was recalled to it, as a fine deer sprang across the road, and disappeared among the trees opposite. Two or three distant shots now showed the game was up.

Soon after, shouts of "mark" gave notice that some bird was on the wing, and immediately a superb capercaillie came sailing through the air. I fired, and, as he fell, the baron slipped the thong from his pointer. "*Allez, Perdro!*" said he, "*schön apporté, mein hund;*" and the dog flew to fetch the fallen game. Some minutes passing without his return, we went after him to the spot where I had seen the bird drop, when great was my surprise to find Master Perdro with his prey half eaten, and his mouth filled with blood and feathers. The culprit started off at our approach, and even his master looked a little disconcerted. He assured me, however, as, recovering his composure, he plucked a feather, and with great complacency added it to the trophies in his hat, that such a thing had never happened before. "Perdro," he said, "was an excellent dog, immovable before a hare or partridge, and one that on catching sight of a fox, would never stop till he had run him down."

"A curious recommendation, that last for a pointer," thought I.

The beaters now arrived, bringing the deer we had shot on the previous day; and, leaving it with the result of that morning's work, (three or four hares and as many deer,) we began climbing one of the steepest ascents. Half way up, our guide took a path that led to a large open space, where we once more placed ourselves in readiness. The distant rattle of the *orgels* coming over the mountain showed that our allies were approaching, and soon a herd of deer rushed down the opposite hill, now pausing to listen to the noise of their pursuers, then with necks outstretched, and antlers thrown back to their very shoulders, leaping and bounding over every obstacle in their way. A puff of smoke—the report of a rifle—and one of the noble creatures, springing high in the air, came rolling over the almost perpendicular rocks.

Just then a rustling in the wood close by drew my attention. I saw the baron with his rifle levelled at the place whence it proceeded; but after some moments, lowering his gun as the sound seemed to come nearer, he signed to me to

shoot. The wood was too thick to make out what kind of animal it was, but knowing that he must show himself on the arrival of the beaters, I made sure of a good shot at him. Up they came, and on their approach a fine fox ventured, very unwillingly, out of the cover.

"*Achtung!*" cried the baron, as, waving my hat, I saluted Reynard with the view holloa.

"Why don't you fire?" he continued.

"Shoot a fox! Why, if I were even inclined to such a thing, my English gun would refuse to do its duty."

"Ah, true! I have heard that in England you do not shoot foxes. But hunting is not allowed here; and we are so overrun with them, that, if not destroyed, they would ruin the best chasse in the country."

Satisfied with this explanation, I determined for the future to follow the old proverb, "When in Rome," &c. &c., and shoot whatever came in my way.

Our plan was now to descend into the valley, and beat for hares among the low brush-wood and open fields, and so, taking a wide circuit, to arrive at the end of our day's sport, close to the spot from whence we had started in the morning. I was not sorry to find that we should have an hour's walking before the next battue commenced, for I was half frozen with remaining so long motionless in the cold.

It had been found necessary to add to the number of our beaters; and the *orgels* being exchanged for sticks, they formed a crescent, the centre of which was certainly a mile and a half from us. Beating the bushes and hallooing as they advanced, they drove a multitude of hares before them; but though a stray shot now and then disabled some unlucky devil that approached too near, the majority managed at first to keep pretty well out of harm's way, till forced to advance by their ruthless pursuers, they became easy victims to our guns. After some hours thus spent, we despatched a cart loaded with upwards of two hundred of them to Katzbach, and, well pleased with our sport, retraced our steps to the woods.

The next battues were expected to be particularly good. Unfortunately there would not be time for more than one or two, as the sun was already setting. This reminded us that Weuzel, the keeper, who had been expected all day, had never appeared. It was certainly strange, but we had no time to waste in conjectures, and we set to work with a success that exceeded our utmost hopes, killing five deer and four foxes in a very short time. And now the last battue was resolved on. The beaters were sent out to form a circuit; and in high glee we prepared for the crowning effort of the day.

Suddenly we were startled by a shrill whistle, followed by a great confusion of voices. So unusual a circumstance, where silence was indispensable, evidently announced something uncommon. We were not long in suspense, for a messenger came in haste to inform the *Bezirksförster* that Weuzel's dog had been found shot dead. At this news, the absence of the master, combined with the value he was known to set on the animal, gave rise to strange surmises. The discussion recalled to me and my friends the shots we had heard on the previous night, which in the hurry and excitement of the day had been quite forgotten; and as we recounted the circumstance every one seemed of opinion that some fatal accident must have hap-

pened. The chasse was given up, and we agreed to search the woods for the missing keeper. It was resolved that we should form a line, and, ascending the *Katzenbuckel*, meet at the hut where we had passed the night.

Two or three of us had already toiled some hundred yards up the hill, when the baron's dog, uttering a long low howl, ran cowering back to his master. We hurried on, and at the foot of a large stone found the body of the huntsman. By this time several of the keepers came up, and to them we committed the charge of transporting the body of their late companion. While they placed it on a litter hastily constructed of branches, I lingered behind to read the inscription on the stone close to which the body had been found. The words cut on it were "*Frederick Muller, 1841*:" and I saw significant looks exchanged between the keepers as they explained to me that it marked the spot where a former murder had been committed.

M. DE SAVIGNY, member of the Academy of Sciences, who made part of the expedition into Egypt, and was one of the authors of the work destined to perpetuate its memory and results, has transmitted his copy of this work to his native town of Provins. The gift was accompanied by a letter, in which he traces distressing incidents of his life, and gives many curious particulars of the progress and symptoms of a terrible disease which made sudden and irremediable shipwreck of his hopes and his fame. This disease is known to the French physicians by the name of *Névrose*, and is, in fact, a preternaturally excited condition of the nervous system. It is of very rare occurrence, and there is something so remarkable in the details, narrated by a man of learning and genius, who has had the courage to make a study of his own pangs, and find a consolation for his long misery in its philosophical observation, that we are tempted to give some extracts from the letter which records them. In that journal of his sensations, which he speaks of having kept for the sake of science, what pictures must there be! recalling the wild visions of the "English Opium Eater:"—"On the 4th of August, 1817," says M. de Savigny, "I was suddenly seized, more especially in the organ of vision, with a nervous affection, which compelled an immediate suspension of labor, and a retirement into the country. This affection, which, according to the physicians, was to yield to a repose of five or six months, extended far beyond that limit of time; until, weary of an inaction to me so unnatural, I now and then suffered myself to indulge in studies, the opportunities for which the country had multiplied around me. At length I set out for Italy, hoping to accelerate my cure by travel. This excursion I prolonged till the end of 1822, at which period obligations the most imperious demanded my presence in Paris. Thither, then, I returned, and shortly afterwards resumed my labors. I did so too soon: symptoms of the most disquieting nature were not long in manifesting themselves; I foresaw a relapse, and predicted it, but there were no outward appearances to justify my apprehension: I was not believed, and I submitted. Time passed away, in the midst of continued anxieties, and on the 20th of March, 1824, the so much dreaded relapse suddenly declared itself, in the form of a nervous affection, a thousand times worse than the last,

and whose progress nothing could arrest. This renewed affection had, like the previous one, its principal seat in the organ of vision. It did not induce blindness, in the strict acceptation of the word, but it rendered my eyes gradually incapable of enduring the light; and athwart the daily increased darkness to which it compelled me, it showed a crowd of brightly-colored images, whose successive emissions, infinitely produced, wearied and haunted me incessantly. To these early apparitions were soon added others. Crowding phenomena—impetuous, luminous, burning, vast—filled, day and night, all space around me, in a thousand different aspects, and provoked curses the most intense and agonizing. Other phenomena, again, distinguished from these last less by their forms and colors than by their influence of terror, came periodically to aggravate the sufferings. To the sensations proper to vision were added a fetid odor, sharp hisses, strange sounds—harmonious or discordant, human voices singing, talking, declaiming, and many other utterances as wild. Sleep rarely suspended these hateful illusions without producing, at my reawakening, visions threatening, grotesque, incomprehensible. One of the most frequent of these was the upper vault filled with myriad human faces, all equally expressive, wearing an unspeakable look of inflexible sternness, and looking down on me with ominous gaze. * * The physicians consulted, in 1824, as to the probable duration of my malady, had generally limited its operation to a period of two or three years. This time, also, the least favorable of these anticipations were cruelly overstepped. Year followed upon year, bringing never more than some scarcely perceptible diminution, reached always through torments inexpressible, and leaving me in my solitude no other possible solace for my misery than the study and daily description of those torments themselves—an unparalleled journal, and perhaps an idle one, but which I have constantly kept, braving a thousand agonies, in the hope that it may some day lead to an understanding of the causes for tortures so fearful."—*Athenæum*.

THE *Times* mentions, "as one of the signs of the times, that there is a very influential section of the Irish Conservative party favorable to the abolition of the mock pageantry of an Irish Court, and who would gladly see the office of Lord-Lieutenant dispensed with, on the condition of stated periodical royal visits, for the purpose of holding occasional sittings of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin."

NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO THE PRINCE REGENT.—We find the following in the papers:—A gentleman residing at Woolwich has recently become possessed of the rough draft of Bonaparte's celebrated letter to the Prince Regent on his surrender to the English in 1815. In this manuscript there are two or three verbal alterations. In the sentence, "*M'asseoir sur la cendre Britannique*," the words "*la cendre*" are erased, and "*le foyer*" substituted; and in the last sentence, "the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies," the words, "the most constant" are interlined, being probably an after thought of the Emperor's. In a note appended to it, General Gourgaud states that it is the "rough draught of the letter which the Emperor sent me to carry from the Isle of Aix to the Prince Regent of England, on the 14th of July, 1815."

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Sept. 2.—A paper was received from M. Aymé, on the temperature of the Mediterranean Sea. The author made a series of experiments in the vicinity of Algiers—one of the most curious results is the fact that, contrary to what has been observed of the ocean, the temperature of the Mediterranean is higher near the coast than in the open sea. He also ascertained that, at a depth of eighteen mètres, the diurnal temperature does not vary, and that the mean temperature of the year is the same as that of the air.—M. Le Saulnier de Vanhello, a naval captain, laid before the Academy some charts of the coast of France and the Channel, and an account of some experiments as to the depth between Calais and Dover. It does not at any part exceed 200 feet. M. Arago took this opportunity of alluding to the boring for the artesian well at Calais, which has now reached a depth of 322 mètres. The water, to be supplied by this well, will, he says, come from England.

The annual sitting of the French Academy, for the distribution of prizes in its award, was held on the 29th ult., when the prize of eloquence, proposed by the Academy itself,—the subject of which on the present occasion was a *Discours sur Voltaire*,—was awarded to M. Harel, known, hitherto, in the literary world only as the author of some dramatic attempts. This discourse was highly spoken of by Villemain, who reported on the prizes; and is still more highly praised in other and very competent quarters. The first of the historical prizes was continued to M. Augustin Thierry (who already held it) for his *Récit des Temps Mérovingiens*,—and the second was also confirmed to its present possessor, M. Bazin, for his *Histoire de France sous Louis XIII.* The great Monthyon prize of 6,000 fr. was given to the père Grégoire Girard, a Franciscan monk of Friburg, for his work entitled *De l'Enseignement régulier de la langue maternelle*; and prizes were awarded, of 3,000 fr. to M. Egron for his *Livre de l'Ouvrier*; of 2,000 fr. to M. Halévy for his *Recueil de Fables*; and 2,000 fr. to M. Vander-Burch for his *Carriole d'Osier*. Other minor literary prizes were distributed, and the Monthyon prizes of Virtue we do not report. In our opinion, though unquestionably reflecting on their author the honor of the highest intentions, they are objectionable in principle. Virtue is made, in their ordination, far too theatrical a matter, and taught to look for her rewards in the wrong direction. A trade exposition, with its medals and prizes, is a useful institution, proposing such stimulants as are appropriate to the subjects with which it deals. Operatives labor, and manufacturers invent, for the express sake of the temporal benefices which they can earn; but an annual exhibition of the virtues, competing for honorary rewards, would be one of the most offensive and demoralizing things possible. It is not that some of the cases, in particular, which the Academy has crowned, are not well deserving of such rewards and encouragements as governments or individuals have to bestow—nor, that the example of such encouragement is without its uses. But our objection is to the institution of such rewards as motives to the practice of the virtues. The virtue which has no better foundation, changes its character at once, and will gradually degenerate, till the community suffer seriously by the mixed sense and low standard of morality introduced. The society that cultivates its virtues for a price, is not far enough removed, for safety,

from the community that takes the price of its shame. The common motive is a dangerous approximation; and it will be found, in the end, that circumstance will decide too often on the direction in which the reward, so made common, shall be sought. It may be well to honor David Laeroix, who has saved 117 lives, and reward Pierre Thian, who has lost the power to labor in rescuing persons from the Tarn and the Gironde. These are exceptional cases, and cases in which pecuniary assistance was directly needed and had been nobly earned. But the Academy should not be called on to crown a man for being honest, or a woman for being chaste. That must be a sickly state of society, in which such qualities merit crowns. To parade virtues like these, is to degrade them at the time, and endanger them afterwards; and some curious examples have been mentioned, in which the act of crowning by the Academy has led to the immediate tarnishing of the crown which it had conferred. The virtue, which had simplicity for its character and privacy for its fitting element, dragged into a stage light, and covered with tinsel, forgot its quality, and was not strong enough to resist the seduction to which it had been exposed by the very fact of its exhibition "in the Capitol." In all cases, even where the reward is legitimate, the theatrical exhibition were best avoided. The material reward should be considered but subsidiary honor, whereas the parade and circumstance with which it is bestowed, put it in the first place. If it be proposed to answer us with an allusion to the prizes given by bodies like our Royal Humane Society, we say they are not cases in point. The Royal Humane Society is an institution, having an economic object, and working with such materials as it can find. Its purpose is, not to blazon virtue, but to save life; and it addresses itself to such mixed motives as are known to exist and likely to help it in carrying its useful object. Its meanings are positive, and the services it pays prescribed; and, in giving its own testimonial, it makes no pretension to place an academical crown (in France it may be almost called a national one) on the head of some hardy mariner or village-girl, summoned up to play the part of *Peasant Virtue*, in a masque performed before the loungers of the metropolis.—*Athenæum*.

MADRID AT THIS TIME.—In spite of the recent revolutions and counter revolutions—by which St. Iago of Compostella has liberally fulfilled his promise to the Peninsula, that its inhabitants should enjoy every blessing save that of quiet government,—Capt. Widdrington found Madrid essentially improved. New buildings are being run up as vivaciously as in Pimlico or Paddington,—the materials largely derived from the destruction of the convents. The ordinary bustle in the streets is now equal to that of the festival days of Ferdinand. The shops are improved; and the newest French fashions and English manufactures are attainable. The inns, however, continue bad: the *restaurants* no less so; but the reading-rooms, instead of "the solitary Galignani, with the margin close cut," now display English and French journals, besides the forty Madrid periodicals. Omnibuses, drawn by mules, were started the very day of Capt. Widdrington's arrival. The houses are now numbered. More carriages are to be seen on the promenades than formerly; a horse-race was got up under the patronage of that high-bred *magnifico*, the Duke of Ossuna, but with indifferent success.—*Captain Widdrington*.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

FRANCE AND O'CONNELL.

PARIS, September 15, 1844.

SENSATION, speculation, translation, without bounds, continue here in regard to the marvellous O'Connell affair, which seems to have nearly merged the wars of Tahiti and Morocco. All the details of the triumphs in Dublin, and all the speeches of the liberator since his liberation, are furnished in our journals. The *Journal des Debats* has accorded a score of columns, at least, to the fruitful subject. It observes that the repealers and their chief cannot now cajole the French, who recollect the invectives which were showered, at the former meetings of the Dublin Association, on the revolution of July and the dynasty of Orleans, and who must know that Irish Catholics cannot fail to sympathize with the cause of the elder Bourbons. The *Debats* said, on the 7th instant:

"A short time back, when a perfect harmony appeared to exist between the governments of France and England, the repeal orators lavished the most violent abuse on the king of the French and his family. At present, when certain persons amuse themselves with circulating reports of war, these same speechmakers change their theme, and make use of the Prince de Joinville and the French navy as they formerly used the Duke de Bordeaux and the famous brigade which they placed at his service. It would not be right to form illusions which could one day be cruelly disappointed. The Irish, it must be declared, would be the first to laugh at us if we took for ready money the wishes which they express for our success. We shall be happy to see them profiting by all circumstances to obtain the justice which is not completely rendered them, but we should not like to be taken for dupes."

Notwithstanding this expression of distrust, with which the other ministerial journals chime, it is evident that they are all pleased, at bottom, with the aggravation of the British government's Irish difficulties. O'Connell in his principal harangue—that of the 9th instant—touched what determines French sentiment in relation to himself when he asked: "Think you that if the weakness of England with regard to Ireland were not known in France, Tangiers would not have remained intact—that Mogador would still be uninjured, and that the plains of Ouchda would not be untainted with Moorish blood?" The *Debats* of the 13th instant ascribes the present ecstasies of the Emerald Isle to "the demonstrative or manifestive character and the essentially theatrical nature of the Irish people," moved by an event so unexpected and so welcome. It is the Gallic temperament which is thus transferred to the Celts. The case, in every circumstance and aspect, was doubtless fitted to animate even a less excitable race to the highest pitch of joy and exultation. We cannot wonder that pulpit orator, (Dr. Miley,) at the pontifical High Mass on the 8th at Dublin, treated it as a direct miracle of the Virgin Mary,

and that O'Connell himself, in his grand address to the association, represented it to be the special work of God—an extraordinary interposition of Divine Providence: he referred it exclusively to the prayers of the Catholics of Ireland, England, Belgium, and the Rhine, ritually and fervently offered up for his deliverance. No one can doubt the general persuasion of the Irish, or their confidence in the liberator's infallibility and sanctity—as deep and active a confidence as the Pope or the Councils ever inspired. The London Times, half seriously, contests the interpretation of the preacher, in a paragraph worth quoting for its view of facts:

"Will Dr. Miley assert that there are positively no ordinary causes and motives at work in the political world to account for the late judgment in favor of Mr. O'Connell? If he will, we can only say that Dr. Miley is more ignorant of the causes and motives at work in the political world than we could have imagined it possible for any educated person to be. Every person who is aware of the fact that the political world is divided into two parties, (and we should have thought that even Dr. Miley's innocence was not altogether unsuspecting of that circumstance,) must know that those two parties want each to get the better of the other, (another circumstance that Dr. Miley will find himself, on reflection, more at home with than he imagines.) Such a person, we say, must know that these two parties are in the habit of meeting each other constantly during what is called the session of Parliament in the two Houses of Lords and Commons respectively; that they there engage in what are called debates, and also have what are termed divisions, in which they mutually try to outnumber, to weaken, and to floor each other. So far so good. Now, it happens that upon the occasion Dr. Miley refers to, as having upon it indubitable marks of the supernatural and miraculous, two ministerial lords and three opposition lords met to decide *pro* or *con*, on a matter in which the decision was of powerful interest to each side. If the judgment was affirmed, it was a great satisfaction to ministers, a great annoyance to the opposition; if reversed, it was a great annoyance to ministers, a great satisfaction to the opposition. In this state of things, the opposition lords being three, and the ministerial lords two, the opposition and the ministerial lords did, by voting for their own sides respectively, produce a majority of one for Mr. O'Connell, three voting for and two against him; in consequence of which majority Mr. O'Connell was liberated. We have conducted the affair through the several stages to its issue, and we confess we are unable to discover in any one of them, from first to last, the least trace of the miraculous. All seems easily accounted for by the operation of known existing causes and motives—we may say, perhaps, the most known, the most obvious, tangible, palpable, and visible causes that perhaps exist in the known world."

The Dublin correspondent of the Times, however, exhibits what must be the impressions of the Irish people, what the certain consequences of that consummation in the British House of Lords, which the ministry directly caused or induced, with a degree of weakness and improvidence, or

an abstruseness of policy, which I am entirely at a loss to comprehend. The correspondent, after stating it to be a thunderbolt for the orange and conservative parties, whom, indeed, it instantly reduced to impotence and despair, speaks thus:

"The confidence and almost religious faith which the people placed in the invincibility of Mr. O'Connell, shaken as it was by his apparent defeat and imprisonment, has revived again with tenfold force. They audibly declare their conviction that 'the hand of God is in it,' whilst the repealers, of a more enlightened class, assure you that if Daniel O'Connell were the prime mover of events, and the grand counsellor of government, he could not have ordered events in a way more suited to his purposes and his cause. Having suffered what will be called an unjust imprisonment, having established his claim to a sort of pseudo martyrdom, by a pleasing retirement from public life for a few months, he has succeeded in inflicting a heavy blow upon the law officers of the crown, in bringing the Irish law courts and executive into contempt, and comes forth from the Richmond Penitentiary with all the *prestige* of a great victory around him, at the very instant when his most sanguine followers were beginning to doubt, and when the funds of the association were ebbing slowly away."

The comments of the French fill nearly as much space as those of the British press on the arguments of the judges, the speeches of the five law lords, and the voluminous and various effusions of O'Connell on the 9th instant. The points chiefly noted are, his *amende honorable* to the whigs, whose unworthiness, so often branded, Lord Denman, in particular, has redeemed with the association; 2d, the acknowledgments of the honest principles, consistent exertions, and momentous services of the London Morning Chronicle, formerly reprobated equally with the Times and Standard; 3d, the atonement to "his beloved friend Richard Shiel," whom he bitterly scolded from his prison; the arguments drawn from the recent, solemn, pious consecration of the cause of repeal by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, before inactive if not dissentient; 4th, the extremely coarse, contumelious charges and personalities applied to the chief actors against him (O'Connell) in the prosecution, trial, and appeal—judges, crown lawyers, ministers of state, chancellors, and ex-chancellors; lord lieutenants caricatured and belied without stint or mincing; 5th, the promised impeachment of all the obnoxious and official parties; 6th, the doubts about the expediency of attempting another Clontarf meeting; and, finally, the project of a Protectorate Society, to consist of a body of three hundred gentlemen, "each subscribing £100," who shall meet at Dublin, &c. This Society the *National* styles a parliament *au petit pied*, on a small scale, and classes with the repealer's "castles in Spain." The republican organ holds this language: "Of the two great parties now in hostile array, one is led by Sir Robert Peel; the other by O'Connell, upon whom the British whigs

seem to rely for *their* cause, and of whom the Morning Chronicle is not the mere auxiliary, but sworn mouth-piece. As for the repeal of the Union, the enterprise would cost unarmed Ireland too dear. We do not doubt that O'Connell wishes it; but does he really expect it? Is he sincere in the assurances which he reiterates on this head? Eighteen months ago he proclaimed: 'In six months, if you will follow my advice, Ireland shall be independent.' His advice has been followed: never was the most powerful chief, the most trusted commander, so strictly and implicitly obeyed; and what happened? He was committed to prison. Between the present state of Ireland and her independence, there is nothing more nor less than this—the downfall or ruin of England. Does he promise himself that it can be achieved? Assuredly not; but there is an end more easy of accomplishment—the *overthrow of the tory cabinet*. For this purpose, he now seeks to conciliate the British adversaries of that cabinet: thus we may understand his flattery of the three whig law-lords and the Morning Chronicle, and these sentences of his inaugural speech of the 9th:"

"And now I am going to make an atonement to a class of public men whom I have often assailed, and who certainly, in some things, deserved to be assailed—namely, the whigs. But, after all, how infinitely superior are they to the tory party!"

Lord John Russell's speech on the 5th instant, and the fresh articles of the Chronicle, show that the alliance offensive and defensive is understood and ratified. The management of the Peel ministry, since the opening of the late session, of both domestic and foreign affairs, has so dwindled my estimate of their ability and spirit, that, if I were a Briton, I should not care how soon they were supplanted. Our political augurs are puzzled by Queen Victoria's present visit to Scotland. Is it to have a rival or counter-enthusiasm for that of the Irish towards the triumphant liberator? Is the Emerald Isle renounced as hopeless in the matter of loyalty? Will not Irish discontent be aggravated by the second royal slight in favor of Scotland? Would it not have been wisest to throw the queen at once into Ireland, to test the professed loyalty of O'Connell—to operate a diversion—to countenance and reanimate the Irish conservatives whom the inscrutable manœuvre or concession of the ministry, in the House of Lords, had so discouraged, disconcerted, and disgusted? These questions are asked; and, in addition, whether Sir Robert, when he conceded—indeed, deliberately occasioned—the reversal of the judgment in the Irish trials, did not mean to essay a compromise with O'Connell, who, strengthened in his influence, might find it less difficult to admit terms short of repeal, while the ministry, proportionably weakened in Ireland, could excusably concede more than the high church and tory parties would before allow.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE PHANTASMAL REPROOF.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPELL.

THE snow was falling rapidly
 Upon the fallen leaves;
 The shivering sparrow twittered low
 Beneath the dripping eaves:—
 In its plaintive notes trace ye no thoughts
 Of the Autumn's gather'd sheaves!

The snow was falling rapidly,
 With a faint and whispering sound;
 I looked forth on the wintry earth,
 But the thick flakes—whirling round—
 Hid land, and sea, and sky from me,
 And all, but my own heart-wound!

Beside me, (as I sat alone,
 Beghasted with wild dreams,)
 A shadowy SHAPE glode thro' the gloom,
 And by the woodfire's gleams
 I saw its face, where grief and grace
 Set their united beams.

An antique chair stood opposite,
 Of black and carved oak;
 And there it sat and gazed at me,
 But never a word it spoke;
 Till I with sign of holy cross
 The heavy silence broke.

"What thing art thou, that breakest in
 Upon my loneliness!
 The closed doors are closed still—
 Thy presence doth oppress
 My very breath, as if cold death
 Life's wrongs came to redress!"

A faint, low sound then answered me,—
 A voice that seemed to pray
 In language sweet, but incomplete,
 With words that died away—
 Like the music of the standing corn,
 On a breezy autumn day!

"I am thy better angel; lo!
 Why sittest thou alone!
 Why mourn'st thou o'er thine own scarr'd heart,
 Unwilling to atone
 For the blood thou hast shed from the *undone dead*,
 And the tears of the *living undone*?"

"The grave is deep where *she* doth sleep,
 Whose love for thee was strong,
 As was thy hate for her estate
 Of poverty and wrong.
 She gave not her life to thy kinder knife,
 But to thy cruel tongue!"

"There was no falsehood in her heart—
 No perfidy to thee;
 But thy words unkind, like a sudden wind
 That charmeth the summer sea,
 Awoke in her that fearful stir
 Which wrought her destiny.

"She lieth in a grave unblest,
 From sacred fane remote;
 She suffereth in that suffering place
 Which sin for man hath bought;
 And her soul calls there, for thine to share
 The evil thou hast wrought!"

"Look not upon thy wounded heart,
 But look upon its cure;—
 There is a God in the heavens high
 Can send a spirit pure,
 To fill the place of that disgrace
 Which tempts thee with a lure!

"Look not upon thy darksome heart,
 But look to find some light,
 Wherewith thou may'st each loathsome part
 Illumine, till the sight
 Be clean unto the Angel-race
 That lives in regions bright.

"Mix with thy fellow-men, and give
 To others' griefs and cares
 The sympathy which I give thee,—
 And, by assisting theirs,
 Assistance win from Him whom sin
 Obeveeth, 'mid despairs!

"Befriend thy brother man, and thou
 Shalt so thyself befriend;
 Nor idly wail for idleness,
 But task thyself to mend
 The rents and tatters of thy soul,
 Before its world-works end!

"The wrath of Heaven above our sins
 Stoops, hawk-like, hovering;
 But them, or it, we cannot see
 Till down upon us spring
 The talons of that vengeful bird,
 With death beneath its wing!

"Thou canst not bring to life again
 Whom thou from life hast sent;
 Thou canst not to the frenzied brain
 Restore the teardrops, blent
 With guilt and shame,—which thou did'st claim
 — But thou may'st yet repent!

"Up, and arouse thee! Falleth snow
 On wintry nights, that thou
 May'st cower in selfishness and fears
 O'er thine own ails, as now!—
 To the chilly street fare forth, and meet
 Pale heads, which want doth bow!"

It ceased, that voice—It spake no more,—
 But still I listened on:
 I heard no rain on the window pane,
 I looked, but shape was none
 In that antique chair—and nought was there,
 But I and my heart alone!

I bowed my head in silent prayer—
 I prayed that I might be
 Mindful of others more than self—
 And so, by sympathy,
 Cleanse my sinful heart of the selfishness
 That made it black to see.

I did not pray that I might die,
 As I had wont to pray;
 I pleaded hard for life, that I
 Might make it—day by day—
 Useful and sweet to other men,
 And bright ev'n in decay.

And when I raised my bended head
 From out my clasped hands,
 In at the casement—like a flight
 Of arrowy golden brands—
 The moon its cheerful radiance sent
 Where the sparrow, twittering, stands.

And (for the snow had ceased to fall)
 I saw the skies all blue,
 And bright with stars; and sea and shore
 Came clearly to my view:—
 I felt my heart-wound still—but saw
 The griefs of others too!

From the Britannia.

STATE OF FRANCE.

THE following communication is from a gentleman having access to excellent sources of intelligence, and long familiar with the intrigues and politics of the French capital. We lay it before our readers, not as wholly subscribing to the sentiments expressed, but as the observations of an independent observer. His views are bold and original, and may be worth attention, even when they incline to eccentricity. The letter is dated from Paris, September 10:—

"Louis Philippe has been playing a dangerous game, but his dexterity and good fortune have not failed him on this last occasion. The present generation has certainly to thank the king of the French for the maintenance of peace, and it is perhaps of little importance now to inquire whether his pacific policy be the result of the instinct of self-preservation, or whether it may arise from political conviction. To judge by the detached forts and fortifications around Paris, by the immense preparations in all the arsenals, by the large standing army, by the importance lately given to the naval department, and by the entire military organization of France, it would seem that she was on the eve of a great continental conflict. Now, if Louis Philippe contemplated peace at any price, why this warlike array? He has crushed the royalists and the republicans. The war in Algiers he might have terminated long since, but it has been protracted until it has produced the Morocco dispute. But the king in his diplomatic relations has never ceased to declaim against war. What conclusion is then drawn from his words and acts? That he intends to be tranquil during his own life, but that he entertains the conviction he must bequeath to his children a nation ready for war. The conduct of the late duke of Orleans, who during the 1840 excitement affected the war-cry, corroborates this view of the king's policy. If the acts of the some twenty cabinets that have been in power since July, 1830, be carefully examined, it will be seen that Louis Philippe has allowed his ministers to pursue their foreign policy up to a certain crisis, and then has stepped forward to prevent ultimate mischief. The Ancona expedition and *reculade*—the truckling with the Christinos and Carlists, by virtue and despite of the quadruple alliance—the intriguing with the pacha of Egypt, and subsequent abandonment of the deceived viceroy—have all been great cards for the king in his internal policy. Attention has been thus skilfully diverted from domestic matters, and he annihilated the press with marvellous tact. It is true he kills his prime ministers with the blows he deals at his dynastic adversaries. Poor Casimir Perier died outright. Molé, Thiers, Broglie, Soult, Montalivet, &c., have been only prostrated. Laffitte and Lafayette gave up their breath with a malediction for the best of republics and their once-idolized citizen-king. It is the turn of Guizot, who, in the session of 1845, will have a desperate conflict to sustain. If the king supports him the minister will still occupy the comfortable Hotel of the Capucines. If the king requires a victim for his royal or family majority, the Protestant professor must undergo the same ordeal as his predecessors—ingratitude, neglect, and, if he dares to remonstrate, insult. In fact, at no period

has the king governed more absolutely than in the Tahiti affair, now so 'happily concluded.' I must express my perfect concurrence with the opinion published by the *Débats*. 'Pour notre compte,' says your contemporary, 'nous n'avons jamais crié à la guerre.' Now, I saw something of the ticklish game of 1840. I have seen enough of that of 1844 to believe the war-cry of the French cabinet to be a mere farce. The Tahiti expedition was planned solely by Louis Philippe. The chambers, vexed at the settlement of the Eastern question, and enraged at the withdrawal of Lalande's squadron from the Mediterranean, when it might have crushed Stopford's, have had a naval excitement. 'More ships,' 'more steamers,' have been the cry. The orators have urged the necessity of long voyages for French crews. Hence the Tahiti doings. There was to be a splash to astonish the neighbors of *outré-mer*. The marine department was to rival in importance that of war. The army had Algeria for promotion—a never-failing resource, for, if the Arabs did not kill the French, the climate did the work. The Mexican dispute was a sport for the navy. Joinville, who was to have blown up the *Belle Poule* when he had Napoleon's ashes on board, to prevent the English from retaking what they had given up, must have a career. No wonder the French naval officers became excited, and perpetrated what the duke called 'eccentricities.'

"The mischief was, however, done here. If one could obtain accurate reports of Louis Philippe's talk with his admirals, and of the actual instructions to them from the marine offices in the Rue Royale, perhaps a help might then be found to the indiscretions of subalterns. The disgraced D'Aubigny might prove to have been very patriotic in persecuting Pritchard. But D'Aubigny is to be reprimanded because the government has deemed it to be '*juste et convenable*.' I quote the *Débats*. This will, however, not prevent the promotion of this same officer for the *violence du procédé*. The subalterns are sacrificed for the moment, their reward will be forthcoming. I know not what impression the compromise with the French government may have produced in England; but of this be sure, the settlement is another reason to render the Orleans dynasty impossible after the death of the present ruler. Although the king went as far as possible in opposition to the satisfaction demanded by the English cabinet, enough has been yielded to increase his unpopularity in France. There will be warm work when the chambers meet at the close of the year. The debates will begin on the address in the middle of January. Before that period there will be more news from Tahiti, for all is not finished in that quarter. My belief is that the king can command his majority in the deputies, but he may be obliged to sacrifice M. Guizot, and then Count Molé will be again in power without Thiers' alliance. Such was the excitement at one time in the public mind, and its effect on the deputies who constitute the ministerial majority, that the friends of M. Guizot seriously urged him to retire and not to yield to the English ministry. It is quite true that M. Guizot did hesitate, and he submitted to the king the extreme terms which he could as minister accept from Lord Aberdeen. If our foreign secretary for one moment imagined that there was peril in M. Guizot's retirement, how egregiously must his lordship have been misinformed as to the state of affairs here. Louis Philippe had a cabi

net ready with his creature Count Montalivet, and more might have been gained by England in the ministerial change.

"But ministerial questions in France are not like those of other countries of constitutional régime. In England we have an opposition: it fluctuates between whigs and conservatives. It is an affair of party, in which certain principles are at stake; but the monarchy is not at stake in the parliamentary struggle. Here opposition means revolution. The overturn of Louis Philippe, or of his family, is the grand object kept in view. True, the royalists do not conspire. The stupid trial at the Court of Assizes the other day proved that the chiefs were strangers to plots. The republicans no longer combat in the streets, but the secret societies are in full force; and the king's life is not worth a moment's purchase if but the shadow of a shade of a chance presented itself to take it away. In what manner will the next change be effected? That is a question which nobody answers. The legitimatist talks of a parliamentary revolution. He points to the increase of royalist voters in the electoral lists, and he looks forward to the time when their insignificant minority of twenty-five may be increased to a number to induce the defection of the French conservatives, who are decidedly monarchical, but in their hearts are not Louis Philippists. The republican sees only in war the chance of a revolution; the royalists, with châteaux and lands, shrink from this extremity, and fear the partition of France, with the European coalition against her. The *bourgeoisie*, which made the July revolution, will not undo their handiwork during the present king's life; but with fearful oaths you hear them exclaim that they will be no longer sold under a new reign. What an awful prospect for the Duke of Nemours as regent—without the talent and tact of his father, universally disliked on account of his pride without being princely—close and morose, sullen and suspicious, hating the chambers for their meanness in refusing him a dotation, without military capacity, and, with all those drawbacks, having to work for his nephew whilst he has a son of his own! The only son of the king who evinces any ability is the Duc d'Aumale; but, as he has the Condé property, he has no inducement to take a prominent part in the political world. In the future is, then, the destiny of France so terrible. When the explosion comes will be the awful situation. A war with England, sooner or later, is inevitable. It may be looked for as imminent the moment that the king ceases to exist. Happily his general health is good, and he goes to England in October to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor. The ties of consanguinity will be turned to account by the king; but what will avail Coburg predilections hereafter in the presence of revolutionary principles? What do the men of peace say to the signs of the times! Enter the circles of M. Guizot, and they will talk to you of the influence of civilization and of the advance of railroads, of the power of steam, of the rapidity of international communications. With all this, no Frenchman, whatever may be his position in society, is met with who does not express his hatred of England, and brags of the power of France to invade our territory, *écraser* our towns, &c. I was on the Loire the other day, and, as usual, the steamer got aground several times, owing to the little water in that river for navigation. Once we ran foul of another steamer, and

great was the laughter created on board by the facetiousness of an officer, who expressed his regret that it was not an English steamer, that it might be sunk outright. If amongst English friends and acquaintances they will not disguise their antipathies, what must the feeling be amongst themselves when the name of England is mentioned?

"The king's visit to England is an all-absorbing subject of conversation. It is asserted that his object is to counteract any effect that may have been produced by the presence in London of the Czar. Count Nesselrode's arrival after the emperor's departure, and protracted stay of that statesman, have given rise to agitated murmurs: and the belief that some alliance or treaty, offensive and defensive, between Russia and England, was in contemplation is expressed in well-informed circles. With the Russian policy is coupled the treaty with the pacha. For the Egyptian passage, England is to allow full sway in the Danube question between Russia and Austria to the former power.

From the Britannia.

HOSTILITIES IN OTAHEITE.

No later accounts have been received from Otaheite than those published some weeks since. But several private letters have been received, which give particulars of the transactions in that island during the month of April, and show that the hostilities between the French troops and the natives were serious, and that much blood had been already spilled. One of those communications states that in an engagement between the two parties the French lost sixteen killed and fifty wounded, while the natives had one hundred and eighty to two hundred killed, and a large number wounded. Another letter speaks of the ravage of the coast by the French ships of war. The frigate *Uranie* and a war-steamer had made the circuit of the island, devastating the shore within range of their guns. At Mahaena the natives had assembled in numbers, and had erected a fort. The commander of the French expedition determined to attack them for "the honor of France." He landed his men, and ascended by a by-path to the fort, and then, from a hill commanding it, poured in a heavy volley of musketry. As the natives were scattered over the hill the guns of the ships fired upon them, and it was conjectured many were slaughtered. The Protestant missionaries had been compelled to abandon the island; only four remained.

These accounts may not be accurate. They seem written hastily, and from imperfect information. But they exhibit the disturbed and unhappy condition of the island, and point to the probability of the extermination of the native population, should there be no interference in their behalf. These first results of the French protectorate are the more remarkable, as the natives are noted for their gentle and obliging disposition. During the long period of British connection with them we do not recollect that a drop of blood has been shed in quarrel. Their resort to arms now, it is only reasonable to suppose, must have been the result of strong provocation.

We are still in the dark as to the doings of diplomacy. There is a personal and a political question to be arranged. If it be true that reparation has been made by the French government for the insult offered to Mr. Pritchard, the question of policy

will still remain to be determined. The *Herald* says that Lord Aberdeen has never recognized the protectorate of France. Will he do so now, or will it still be left an open question, and a source of disturbance and quarrel? The whole scheme of the protectorate is one of those ingenious mystifications in which French diplomacy delights. Her statesmen have strong faith in the efficacy of words for changing the aspect of things. At the July revolution the nation was persuaded that a king of the French was by no means the same kind of monarch as a king of France. Such distinctions are not understood here. We are not so well versed in the legerdemain of language. Regarding what has passed in Otaheite, we see France aiming at the occupation of the island and at its complete submission to her authority. The character of her proceedings cannot be changed by the title she chooses to give to them. Whether the term be protectorate or sovereignty can make no difference. We had once a Protector in our history, but we found him no whit less absolute than the most arbitrary of our monarchs. Such verbal quibbles are always to be despised. The robber who steals a watch does not change the nature of his offence by gently calling it "conversion of property," nor does his ingenuity save him from the hulks.

Otaheite must be declared independent, or it must be surrendered unconditionally to France. There can be no middle course. So far as the interests of England are concerned it can matter little which is adopted. The island can be of no solid value to any state. The coast is ill-adapted for fortification, and, in the event of war, it would be at the mercy of any squadron sent out to take it. There can be no advantages attending its possession worth the cost of maintaining there an establishment and garrison. It is convenient for ships engaged in the South Sea trade, but it can have no direct trade of its own. If in this country any solicitude is shown for its fate, it is only the solicitude of humanity. The politicians neglect it utterly, and evidently regard any discussion respecting its fortunes as a bore.

But, however slight its importance, politically or commercially, we have yet to learn by what right the French government asserts a claim to it, and commits those cruel excesses of which such deplorable accounts reach us. Why should the independent existence of this people, insignificant as they are, be destroyed to please the fantastic vanity of a restless nation, or why should hundreds of them be—

"Butcher'd to make a Paris holiday?"

Rude and simple as they are, they have with much care been educated into the doctrines of Christianity. They are sufficiently removed from Europe to avoid being an object of jealousy or a cause of offence. They are neither cannibals nor pirates. It would surely puzzle every one but a French minister to give any cause why they should be disturbed in the possession of the distant island where Heaven has placed them.

Apart from every selfish consideration, we do not know how the British government can remain indifferent to the seizure of Otaheite. Whatever civilization it possesses was our work; the herds and flocks which are such objects of desire with the hungry Frenchman are descended from the stock supplied by English vessels. If our prows open out new paths of commerce, we must guard against their being used as a highway for oppression to follow. The natives, from long and friendly

connection with this country, look to our government for protection, and it would be both cruel and disgraceful to refuse their appeal.

It is easy to enlarge on the folly of hazarding a European war for the sake of an obscure island inhabited by a few thousand savages. Such tirades are misplaced. If France is willing to go to war to seize such an island, we may well despair of the continuance of peace. But there is no danger of the kind in prospect. If our foreign minister will simply take the tone his position entitles him to assume, and, grounding his policy on plain principles of justice, insist that Otaheite shall be restored to the state in which it has existed since its first discovery—its ports be free to the vessels of all nations, and its people released from constraint—we need not doubt what will be the ultimate answer of the French cabinet. Any other course will but evade difficulties for the day to have them return with increased force on the morrow.

A FRENCH review, the *Almanach du Mois*, gives in its last number, an anecdote relating to Lord Brougham, which is amusing enough—though we question its authenticity. It is not at all impossible that the mistake which it records may have been made—and even made by Lord Brougham; but that his lordship sat down to the express and formal act of writing a *treatise*, based on an assumption which was an error, and an error so easily corrected, may be doubted, without any very large faith in his gravity or deliberation. There is, in fact, in his lordship's rapidity of mental evolution, enough to give point to an anecdote like this, when related of him, even while we do not accept its literal truth. "Some years ago," says the *Almanach*, "the noble lord wrote a treatise to prove that the Emperor Alexander had always shown himself, by his conduct, a true pupil of La Harpe. It is generally known that the Emperor Alexander had for his preceptor General La Harpe; but Lord Brougham, fancying it to be La Harpe the author, discovered a variety of curious resemblances between the pupil and his supposed master. When finished, the noble writer sent a copy of his work to M. Arago, requesting to have his opinion of it. 'The book is charming,' replied M. Arago, 'unfortunately, however, it has one error—the tutor of the Emperor Alexander was not La Harpe the writer, but La Harpe the general. With that exception, I repeat, the treatise is excellent.'"—*Athenaeum*.

OBITUARY.

It is with regret that we announce the death, on the 30th August, in the 71st year of his age, of Mr. Francis Baily, President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Baily, whose scientific attainments are well known, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1821, was a member of the Royal Irish Academy, a corresponding member of the French Institute, the Royal Academy at Berlin, and other learned and scientific bodies. Mr. Baily, we believe, was, in popular phrase, the architect of his own fortune. In early life his struggles were great, and we have heard that he emigrated to America. Be this as it may, we find him at the beginning of this century resident in London, employed in the office of a stockbroker, and for many years eking out his small salary by a series of useful publications, generally on insurance, annuities, and like subjects; the last an "Epitome of Universal History," published in

1813. Eventually his talents were discovered and appreciated, and he soon obtained what only he desired, a sufficient fortune to justify his retiring altogether from business, and devoting himself wholly to science: and nobly did he employ his leisure and his fortune, as the records of the Astronomical Society bear honorable testimony.

FROM Göttingen we hear of the death of M. George Christian Benecke, the oldest of the functionaries of the University. For forty-two years he filled the chair of the ancient German languages and literatures; and he was chief Conservator of the University Library, to which he had been attached for sixty-one years. He was the last of the pupils of the philologist, Heyne, and formed, himself, some of the distinguished scholars of Germany. He is the author of many works which have attained celebrity.

DR. JAMES MITCHELL.—This gentleman died on the 3d Sept. at Exeter of a fit of apoplexy. He came to London poor, but not so poor as many of his countrymen, as he had ten pounds in his pocket. For some years he was a school-master, then a private teacher; he rose to be secretary of the Star Insurance Company. He took an active part in establishing and supporting the various literary institutions of the metropolis. His manuscript works, descriptive of the geology of London and its environs chiefly, extend to many folio volumes. There is not a chalk pit, a gravel or clay pit, a railway cutting, or a well of any note, within twenty miles of London, that he had not visited and carefully described. He collected a perfectly unique series of engravings and maps, illustrating the history of Scotland and of general antiquities. All of these, with manuscript descriptions, he has left to King's College University, Aberdeen, where he was educated, and received the degree of LL. D. He was employed under three parliamentary commissions. Possessing extensive knowledge on the exact sciences, he despised all that was speculation. To his ignorance of and contempt for physiological knowledge is to be attributed his early death. He despised the rules of health, and then when ill he took immense doses of medicine. Possessed of enormous mental and bodily forces, and of vehement energies and passions, he wore out, at the age of 58, a bodily organization, which, had it been well used, would have lasted 90 or 100 years.

THE DUKE D'ANGOULEME.—June 3.—At Goritz, in Austria, aged 68, Louis Antoine Duc d'Angoulême.

He was born Aug. 6, 1775, the elder of the two sons of Charles Philippe Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., by Maria-Theresa, daughter of Victor III., king of Sardinia.

The youthful Dauphin, Louis XVII., having, as is tolerably well ascertained, perished in the dungeon wherein the ruffians of the revolutionary government had immured him, and the Salique law prohibiting the descent of the crown to the Princess Royal of France, she was united on the 10th of June, 1799, to the Duc d'Angoulême.

He seems to have been a harmless character, of no marked talent, and of no decided propensities. During the government of Charles X. he was content with doing what he was bid—at the revolution of 1830 he was content with doing nothing—and during the exile of his house he was content with being nothing. In private life he appears to have been an amiable man.

When he perceived his death approaching, he sent to the archives of the war department at Paris an important work which he had got executed during the Restoration, giving, in folio, plans, drawings and full descriptions of all the fortified places in France, showing their weak points, the best modes of attacking them, and the proper manner of defence.

The cause of his death was a cancer in the pylorus. On the 8th of June his funeral was celebrated in the cathedral of Goritz, and thence proceeded to the chapel of the Franciscan convent, situated on a height at the west of the town. The Duc de Bordeaux followed the car on foot, in a mourning cloak. Count de Montbel, Viscount de Champagny, and the Duke de Blacas, also in mourning cloaks, walked behind the duke; next came the French now at Goritz, the authorities, and the inhabitants. The body was placed in the vault where the mortal remains of Charles X. rest.—*Gent. Mag.*

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—July 28. At Florence, aged 76, Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers, the elder brother of Napoleon, and formerly king of Naples and king of Spain.

He was born in 1768, at Corte, in the island of Corsica; and attended his brother in his first campaign of Italy in 1796. Having been appointed a member of the legislative body, he was distinguished for his moderation and good sense, and gave proofs of generous firmness, when he undertook to defend General Bonaparte, then in Egypt, against the accusations of the Directory. Under the Consulate he was member of the Council of State and one of the witnesses to the treaty of Luneville. On the accession of Napoleon to the empire the crown of Lombardy was offered to and refused by him. A few days after the battle of Austerlitz he assumed the command of the army destined to invade the kingdom of Naples, penetrated without striking a blow to Capua, and, on the 15th of February, 1806, he made his entrance into Naples, of which kingdom the emperor appointed him sovereign. The government of Joseph as king of Naples, though short, was not sterile. In the space of less than two years he drove the English from the kingdom, reorganized the army and navy, and completed many public works. In 1808 he proceeded to occupy the throne of Spain; which he abandoned after the battle of Vittoria. On his return to France he took the command of Paris, and, faithful to the orders of the emperor, he accompanied the empress regent to Chartres, and subsequently to Blois, after the invasion of the allies, and assembled around her all the disposable troops. After the abdication of Fontainebleau, Prince Joseph Napoleon was obliged to withdraw to Switzerland. He returned to France in 1815, the same day the emperor arrived at Paris. After the battle of Waterloo he embarked for America, where his brother, whom he was never more to see, appointed to meet him. In 1817 the state of Jersey, and in 1826 the legislature of the state of New York, authorized him to possess lands without becoming an American citizen.

The Count de Survilliers did not return to Europe until 1832. He then came to England, where he resided several years. A painful malady, which required a milder climate, obliged him to demand permission of the foreign powers to fix his residence at Florence, where he breathed his

last. He was attended on his dying bed by his brothers, Louis and Jerome. There remain of the emperor's brothers but the two latter princes—Louis, formerly king of Holland; and Jerome, formerly king of Westphalia.—*Gent. Mag.*

HON. JAMES ERSKINE MURRAY.—*Feb. 17.*—At Borneo, in his 35th year, James Erskine Murray, of Aberdona, co. Clackmannan, Esq., Advocate; uncle to Lord Elibank.

He was called to the Scottish bar as an advocate; and published in 1836 an interesting account of a summer tour across the Pyrenees. This tour was performed on foot, for Mr. Murray had an extraordinary physical constitution, naturally good, and strengthened by frequent exercise in the Scottish highlands.

In conjunction with Mr. C. W. Bowra he undertook a commercial expedition from China to the island of Borneo, where he met his death.

After their arrival on the coast the two vessels, the schooner *Young Queen* and the brig *Anna*, entered the river Coti for about 80 miles, and anchored off Tongarron. During the ascent no opposition was offered; and on arriving at the town named, where the sultan resides, he expressed himself gratified by the visit, and willing to trade with the vessels. Deceived by these friendly appearances, they were moored; but after some time having elapsed, there appeared no intention on the part of the inhabitants to buy or sell. From the large body of armed men congregating around the sultan's house, suspicions began to be entertained that all was not right. These suspicions were soon confirmed by attempts being made to board on two several nights, which were prevented by the vigilance of those on the watch. The sultan had now thrown aside every appearance of friendliness, and there was no longer any doubt of his intention to destroy the vessels, if possible. Mr. Murray, deeply impressed with their dangerous position, addressed a letter to the captains of the *Young Queen* and the *Anna*, stating his conviction that they could only escape by fighting their way through the gun-boats and floating batteries with which they were surrounded: he also endeavored to get hostages from the sultan, for a safe passage down the river: in this he failed. The attack commenced upon the vessels on the 16th of February, while they were still at anchor, by masked batteries from the shore, and gunboats. They slipped their cables, and commenced their almost hopeless attempt to fight their way out of the river, surrounded by numerous boats which kept up an incessant fire from their long brass guns. On every turn of the river they found a fresh battery to contend with, the boats keeping up the pursuit out of range of the swivels, but not of the long guns, from which in the *Young Queen* there were fired 550 shots, and a proportionate number from the *Anna*. At one time the *Anna* got on a mud bank, but her consort nobly bore up and ranged alongside for her protection, until she got off. But for this she would inevitably have been taken. The night being calm, with a strong ebb tide, the two vessels were lashed together, and allowed to drift with the current, determined to escape or to perish in company. Ahead of each was a boat to pull them round when they got broadside on to the current; the men in these boats state positively that they heard English voices hailing them from the shore. After 36 hours of continuous fighting, they reached

within a few miles of the mouth of the river, and escape appeared certain. But they found a numerous fleet of boats ahead of them, which had entered through some unknown creek. This was the last and most desperate attack, and the number of pirates killed must have been immense. With personal safety almost within his grasp, here poor Murray was killed, in the *Young Queen*. He was fighting the midship guns when he was struck by a two-pounder on the breast; death was instantaneous.

The ships at length passed the bar and flats at the mouth of the river, though at sunset the boats were still in chase. During the whole affair the conduct of the officers and men was excellent. An unflinching determination was evinced to escape or die in the attempt. Mr. Murray was the moving spirit by which they were all influenced, and it is deeply to be regretted that he was cut short in the very vigor of life; with his talents and energies he might have done much to retrieve past misfortunes. Two lives were lost in the other vessel, and four were wounded in the *Anna*, and one in the *Young Queen*.—*Gent. Mag.*

JOHN HASLAM, M. D.—*July 20.* In Lamb's Conduit-street, aged 80, John Haslam, M. D.

He was a member of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, but we believe took no degree at that university. He was for some years apothecary to Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, previously to his entering his career as a physician.

His "Observations on Insanity" were first published in 1798, second edition in 1809.

"Illustrations of Madness, 1810." 8vo.

"Considerations on the Moral Management of Insane Persons, 1817."

"Medical Jurisprudence, as it relates to Insanity, according to the Law of England, 1817."

"A Letter to the Governors of Bethlehem Hospital, containing an Account of their management of that Institution for the last twenty years, 1818."

"Dr. Haslam was long and justly celebrated as a physician in cases of insanity, and a man otherwise of great attainments, information, and literary tastes. His scientific publications were always held in high esteem; but his numerous contributions to lighter literature, through the periodical press, were perhaps still more calculated to raise a reputation. As reviewer, critic, epigrammatist, and author of witty and comic papers, he had few superiors; and his extensive knowledge of the world, and what is called life, gave him a ready hand for almost every subject. In society he was equally entertaining, and full of anecdote. We remember, during a temporary absence from town, that he wrote a review, which was inserted in the *Literary Gazette*, on one of Dr. Kitchiner's books. It was very droll and humorous, and laughed good-naturedly enough at some of the worthy doctor's eccentricities. But the doctor took it in dudgeon; and in an extreme rage happened to pitch on his friend Haslam to consult what steps he would advise him to take against the worthless libeller! This was fun to Haslam, and he abused the writer and the *Gazette* to the topmost of Billingsgate, till he inflamed Kitchiner beyond all mitigation. It was in vain, on our return, that we endeavored to pacify and moderate his resentment. He never would forgive us; and it was only a few months before his death that he was so far reconciled as to meet us with tolerable civility in society."—*Literary Gazette.*

From the *Athenæum*.

False Science, and its Relation to Life—[*Die Falsche Wissenschaft, &c.*] By J. G. VON WESSENBERGH. Stuttgart, Neff; London, Nutt.

"THE tree is known by its fruit," says our author's motto. Yes, by its true fruit—not by the fruit of the parasitical plants which twine themselves around it. As we must not condemn religion for the abuse of superstition, so we must not charge philosophy with the vanities of pseudo-science. We notice this tract less on account of its inherent value than for the interest which its subject possesses for the present age. "Practical social improvement," is the cry of the times; and all our science which does not tend to this is regarded as a burthen and a hindrance to humanity, rather than an instrument of good. If utilitarianism has been shallowly expounded and defended by some, it has been as shallowly controverted by others. Rightly understood, the doctrine of utility must be regarded as the most certain criterion by which to distinguish between true philosophy and pseudo-science. The institutions of the past which do not aid actual society are obsolete and dead: the doctrine regarding the future which is not of present utility is a mere dream.

Our author has wearied himself with reading the philosophical discussions of his countrymen, and has been driven by impatience at the apparent fruitlessness of such questions, "never-ending, still-beginning," into the extreme of decriing all philosophy. He starts with a consideration of the urgent need of social improvement, and the chief hindrances to its advancement. Among these, he reckons the perversion of practical religion by philosophical creeds and discussions. He finds the source of these in the scholasticism of the middle ages, which he regards as in contradiction with the true practical interests of human society. His argumentation, we think, is in many points very lame; but in his desire for social progress we accord. Yet we see no need of setting practical and speculative tenets at variance; the latter, which have been held merely verbally and formally, still contain the principle of actual exposition. We cannot regard the whole process of human inquiry as ending, though men have often sought for, (and, of course, found,) in their speculative doctrines, everything save the practical, useful, and applicatory truth, in which alone their true interest lies.

As we in England are annoyed by numbers of weak imitative novels, sent out by persons who never were intended to write, our German neighbors have their book-lists crowded with countless metaphysical tracts, many of them poor, confused collections of common-places and philosophical terms, with little or no meaning in them; yet we cannot agree with our author's indiscriminate censure of the philosophical writings of his countrymen. Practical results for every department of life are, at least, aimed at by the doctrines of the schools: the question of their translation from the school into life is still to be settled by experiment. In this tract against philosophy, our author shows that he has had considerable reading, by the numerous authorities he quotes; but his argument has no consistency, and affords no clue to guide speculation out of its labyrinth into clear daylight. Still, amid all our errors and distracted opinions, there is a system of intelligible and practical truth, as little disturbed by our theories, as the true solar system was by Ptolemaic reveries; and he who

makes clear any parts of this system is the true philosopher. We protest against the author's 'desperandum' for a conclusion.—*Athenæum*.

From the *Spectator*.

LORD STANLEY.

LORD STANLEY retires from the commons, to become a peer in his father's lifetime; and everybody asks what it means. As a young man, with all the confident if not the dignified bearing of aristocratic birth, proud in its own consciousness—with a ready tongue, and a vehement will, if not an earnest purpose—Lord Stanley acquired a renown for prowess in the parliamentary lists; and it was assumed that the generous ardor of youth prognosticated a powerful but wiser maturity. The promise has failed. For two sessions, especially the last, he has shown premature signs of wearing out. He seems to be exhausted with the perpetual warfare that he provokes. Recklessly striking the friends behind him as well as the foe in front, his own leaders were obliged to check him: he is tamed, but his subsiding passion displays no mature wisdom. His reckless assertion is slighted; his bitterness has lost its power through its triteness; and he sat uneasy-looking—often silent—neglected. In some important questions of his office, he exposed himself to proof of prevarication and of mischievously sacrificing important interests to gratify some pique or spleen. He was convicted as a minister of evil. The cabinet, they say, want speakers in the house of lords: perhaps it is more that Lord Stanley wants to be out of the house of commons. The need in the upper house is obvious; but his colleagues never could have exercised a free choice in supplying it thus. Lord Stanley is not the kind of speaker wanted for the purpose. There are orators among the peers strong-spoken enough; there is Lyndhurst's trenchant though polished irony, Brougham's ornate hyperbole and vituperation, Wellington's utter plain-speaking—privilege of his high standing and his age: but in all these there is either an intellectual or a moral loftiness, and either real dignity or tact: the gladiatorial displays with which a Stanley once amused the commons would be out of place—would not answer. Lord Stanley has never exhibited that strength and ability which are best seen in calm council. Some minor conveniences may be hoped from the arrangement. The premier may have felt his gagged but impulsive colleague to be in the way where he was, and may have preferred, in dealing with many questions—Ireland for instance—to be without that sinister presence. Many colonial subjects would be more advantageously discussed in the absence of the colonial minister. Shelved in the commons, the restless orator may still fancy that he is a statesman by being busied with real work, the explanation of measures in the lords; the want of which was so damagingly exposed by Lord Normandy: he spoke of the lack of time, but it was partly owing also to the lack of workmen. Busied in that showy drudgery of debate, Lord Stanley might be made harmless. But can he be trusted not to break his tether? Whatever was his motive for backing out of the prize-ring to which he belonged in the commons, ministers can scarcely expect to profit much by the change. At first people hoped that there was going to be a new colonial minister: it would have been better for the government.